

THE
WORKS
OF
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

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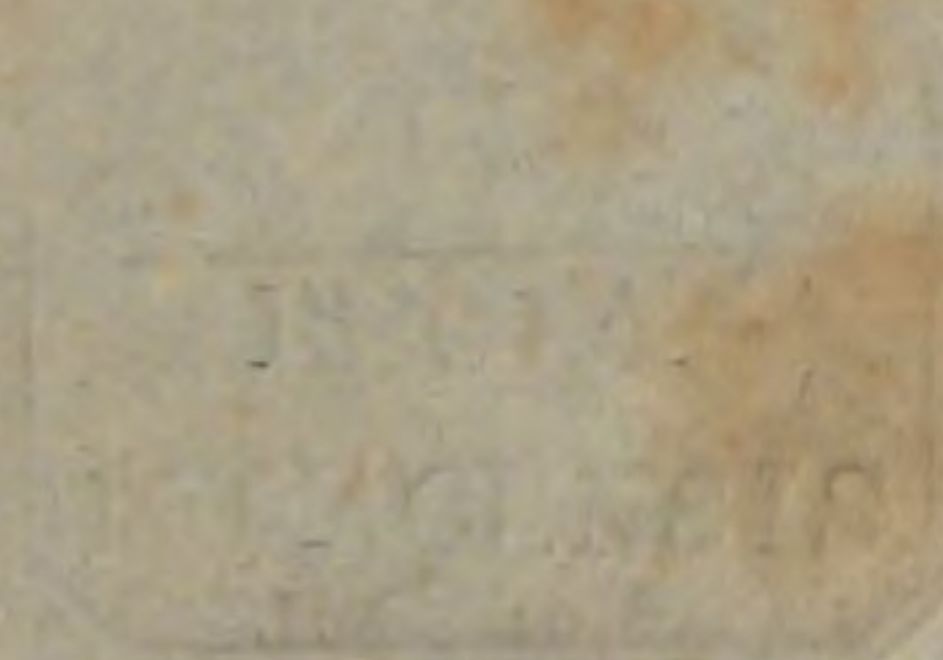


THE

NEW YORK

OF

THE CITY OF NEW YORK



NEW YORK

NEW YORK

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NEW YORK

NEW YORK



W A V E R L E Y,  
OR  
'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.  
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

*Under which King, Bezonian? speak, or die!*

HENRY IV. Part II.

VOL. III.



Z W I C K A U,  
PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHEMANN.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### *Things mend a little.*

ABOUT noon, Mr Morton returned and brought an invitation from Major Melville that Mr Waverley would honour him with his company to dinner, notwithstanding the unpleasant affair which detained him at Cairnvreckan, from which he should heartily rejoice to see Mr Waverley completely extricated. The truth was, that Mr Morton's favourable report and opinion had somewhat staggered the preconceptions of the old soldier concerning Edward's supposed accession to the mutiny in the regiment; and in the unfortunate state of the country, the mere suspicion of disaffection, or an inclination to join the insurgent Jacobites, might infer criminality indeed, but cer-



tainly not dishonour. Besides, a person whom the Major trusted had reported to him a contradiction of the agitating news of the preceding evening. According to this second edition of the intelligence, the Highlanders had withdrawn from the Lowland frontier with the purpose of following the army in their march to Inverness. The Major was at a loss, indeed, to reconcile this information with the well-known abilities of some of the gentlemen in the Highland army, yet it was the course which was likely to be most agreeable to others. He remembered the same policy had detained them in the north in the year 1715, and he anticipated a similar termination to the insurrection, as upon that occasion. This news put him in such good humour, that he readily acquiesced in Mr Morton's proposal to pay some hospitable attention to his unfortunate guest, and voluntarily added, he hoped the whole affair would prove a youthful *escapade* which might be easily atoned by a short confinement.

The kind mediator had some trouble to prevail on his young friend to accept the invitation. He dared not urge to him the real motive, which was a good natured wish to secure a favourable report of Waverley's case from Major Melville to Governor Blakeney. He



remarked, from the flashes of our hero's spirit, that touching upon this topic would be sure to defeat his purpose. He therefore pleaded, that the invitation argued the Major's disbelief of any part of the accusation which was inconsistent with Waverley's conduct as a soldier and man of honour, and that to decline his courtesy might be interpreted into a consciousness that it was unmerited. In short, he so far satisfied Edward that the manly and proper course was to meet the Major on easy terms, that, suppressing his strong dislike again to encounter his cold and punctilious civility, Waverley agreed to be guided by his new friend.

The meeting was stiff and formal enough. But Edward, having accepted the invitation, and his mind being really soothed and relieved by the kindness of Morton, held himself bound to behave with ease, though he could not affect cordiality. The Major was somewhat of a *bon vivant*, and his wine was excellent. He told his old campaign stories, and displayed much knowledge of men and manners. Mr Morton had an internal fund of placid and quiet gaiety, which seldom failed to enliven any small party in which he found himself pleasantly seated. Waverley, whose life was a dream, gave ready way to the predominating



impulse, and became the most lively of the party. He had at all times remarkable natural powers of conversation, though easily silenced by discouragement. On the present occasion, he piqued himself upon leaving on the minds of his companions a favourable impression of one who, under such disastrous circumstances, could sustain his misfortunes with ease and gaiety. His spirits, though not unyielding, were abundantly elastic, and soon seconded his efforts. The trio were engaged in very lively discourse, apparently delighted with each other, and the kind host was pressing a third bottle of Burgundy, when the sound of a drum was heard at some distance. The Major, who, in the glee of an old soldier, had forgot the duties of a magistrate, cursed, with a muttered military oath, the circumstances which recalled him to his official functions. He rose and went toward the window, which commanded a very near view of the highroad, and he was followed by his guests.

The drum advanced, beating no measured martial tune, but a kind of rub-a-dub-dub, like that with which the fire-drum startles the slumbering artizans of a Scotch burgh. It is the object of this history to do justice to all men; I must therefore record, in justice to the drummer, that he protested he could beat



any known march or point of war known in the British army, and had accordingly commenced with «Dumbarton's Drums,» when he was silenced by Gifted Gilfillan, the commander of the party, who refused to permit his followers to move to this profane, and even, as he said, persecutive tune, and commanded the drummer to beat the 119th Psalm. As this was beyond the capacity of the drubber of sheep-skin, he was fain to have recourse to the in-offensive row-dow-dow, as a harmless substitute for the sacred music which his instrument or skill were unable to perform. This may be held a trifling anecdote, but the drummer in question was no less than town drummer of Anderton. I remember his successor in office a member of that enlightened body, the British Convention: Be his memory, therefore, treated with due respect.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

### *A Volunteer Sixty Years since.*

UPON hearing the unwelcome sound of the drum, Major Melville hastily opened a sashed door, and stepped out upon a sort of terrace which divided his house from the high-road from which the martial music proceeded. Waverley and his new friend followed him, though probably he would have dispensed with their attendance. They soon recognized in solemn march, first, the performer upon the drum; secondly, a large flag of four compartments, in which were inscribed the words, COVENANT, KIRK, KING, KINGDOMS. The person who was



honoured with this charge was followed by the commander of the party, a thin, dark, rigid-looking man, about sixty years old. The spiritual pride, which, in mine Host of the Candlestick, mantled in a sort of supercilious hypocrisy, was, in this man's face, elevated and yet darkened by genuine and undoubting fanaticism. It was impossible to behold him without the imagination placing him in some strange crisis, where religious zeal was the ruling principle. A martyr at the stake, a soldier in the field, a lonely and banished wanderer consoled by the intensity and supposed purity of his faith under every earthly privation; perhaps a persecuting inquisitor, as terrific in power as unyielding in adversity; any of these seemed congenial characters to this personage. With these high traits of energy, there was something in the affected precision and solemnity of his deportment and discourse, that bordered upon the ludicrous; so that according to the mood of the spectator's mind, and the light under which Mr Gilfillan presented himself, one might have feared, admired, or laughed at him. His dress was that of a west country peasant, of better materials indeed than that of the lower rank, but in no respect affecting either the mode of the age, or of the Scottish gentry at any pe-



riod. His arms were a broad-sword and pistols, which, from the antiquity of their appearance, might have seen the rout of Pentland, or Bothwell Brigg.

As he came up a few steps to meet Major Melville, and touched solemnly, but slightly, his huge and overbrimmed blue bonnet, in answer to the Major, who had courteously raised a small triangular goldlaced hat, Waverley was irresistibly impressed with the idea that he beheld a leader of the Roundheads of yore, in conference with one of Marlborough's captains. The group of about thirty armed men who followed this gifted commander, was of a motley description. They were in ordinary Lowland dresses, of a different colours, which, contrasted with the arms they bore, gave them an irregular and mobbish appearance, so much is the eye accustomed to connect uniformity of dress with the military character. In front were a few who apparently partook of their leader's enthusiasm; men obviously to be feared in a combat where their natural courage was exalted by religious zeal. Others puffed and strutted, filled with the importance of carrying arms, and all the novelty of their situation, while the rest, apparently fatigued with their march, dragged their limbs listlessly along, or straggled from their companions to



procure such refreshments as the neighbouring cottages and ale houses afforded. "Six grenadiers of Ligonier's," thought the Major to himself, as his mind reverted to his own military experience, "would have sent all these fellows to the right about."

Greeting, however, Mr Gilfillan civilly, he requested to know if he had received the letter he sent to him upon his march, and could undertake the charge of the state-prisoner whom he there mentioned, as far as Stirling Castle. "Yea," was the concise reply of the Cameronian leader, in a voice which seemed to issue from the very *penetralia* of his person.

"But your escort, Mr Gilfillan, is not so strong as I expected."

"Some of the people," replied Gilfillan, "hungered and were athirst by the way, and tarried until their poor souls were refreshed with the word."

"I am sorry, sir, you did not trust to your refreshing your men at Cairnvreckan; whatever my house contains is at the command of persons employed in the service."

"It was not of creature-comforts I spake," answered the Conventanter, regarding Major Melville with something like a smile of contempt; "howbeit, I thank you; but the people remain-



ed waiting upon the precious Mr Jabesh Rentowel for the out-pouring of the afternoon exhortation."

"And have you, sir, when the rebels are about to spread themselves through this country, actually left a great part of your command at a field preaching?"

Gilfillan again smiled scornfully as he made this indirect answer. — "Even thus are the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light!"

"However, sir," said the Major, "as you are to take charge of this gentleman to Stirling, and deliver him, with these papers, into the hands of Governor Blakeney, I beseech you to observe some rules of military discipline upon your march. For example, I would advise you to keep your men more closely together, and that each, in his march, should cover his file-leader, instead of straggling like geese upon a common; and, for fear of surprise, I further recommend to you to form a small advance-party of your best men, with a single vidette in front of the whole march, so that when you approach a village or a wood," (Here the Major interrupted himself) — "But as I don't observe you listen to me, Mr Gilfillan, I suppose I need not give myself the trouble to say more upon the subject. You are a better judge



unquestionably, than I am, of the measures to be pursued; but one thing I would have you well aware of, that you are to treat this gentleman, your prisoner, with no rigour or incivility, and are to subject him to no other restraint than is necessary for his security."

"I have looked into my commission," said Mr Gilfillan, "subscribed by a worthy and professing nobleman, William Earl of Glencairn; nor do I find it therein set down that I am to receive any charges or commands anent my doings from Major William Melville of Cairn-vreckan."

Major Melville reddened even to the well-powdered ears which appeared beneath his neat military side-curls, the more so as he observed Mr Morton smile at the same moment. "Mr Gilfillan," he answered, with some asperity, "I beg ten thousand pardons for interfering with a person of your importance. I thought, however, that as you have been bred a grazier, if I mistake not, there might be occasion to remind you of the difference between Highlanders and Highland cattle; and if you should happen to meet with any gentleman who has seen service, and is disposed to speak upon the subject, I should still imagine that listening to him would do you no sort of harm. But I have done, and have only once more to recommend this gen-



tleman to your civility, as well as to your custody. — Mr Waverley, I am truly sorry we should part in this way; but I trust, when you are again in this country, I may have an opportunity to render Cairnvreckan more agreeable than circumstances have permitted on this occasion."

So saying, he shook our hero by the hand. Morton also took an affectionate farewell; and Waverley having mounted his horse, with a musqueteer leading it by the bridle, and a file upon each side to prevent his escape, set forward upon the march with Gilfillan and his party. Through the little village they were accompanied with the shouts of the children, who cried out, "Eh! see to the Southland gentleman, that's gaun to be hanged for shooting lang John Mucklewrath the smith!"

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### *A n I n c i d e n t.*

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THE dinner hour of Scotland Sixty Years since was two o'clock. It was therefore about four o'clock of a delightful autumn afternoon that Mr Gilfillan commenced his march, in hopes, although Stirling was eighteen miles distant, he might be able, by becoming a borrower on the night for an hour or two, to reach it that evening. He therefore put forth his strength, and marched stoutly along at the head of his followers, eyeing our hero from time to time, as if he longed to enter into controversy with him. At length, unable to resist the temptation, he slackened his pace till he was alongside of his prisoner's horse, and after marching a few steps in silence abreast of him, he suc-



denly asked, — “Can ye say wha the carle was wi’ the black coat and the mousted head, that was wi’ the Laird of Cairnvreckan?”

„A presbyterian clergyman,” answered Waverley.

„Presbyterian! a wretched Erastian, or rather an obscured prelatist, — a favourer of the black Indulgence; — ane of thae dumb dogs that canna bark; they tell ower a clash o’ terror and a clatter o’ comfort in their sermons, without ony sense or savour or life — Ye’ve been fed in siccan a fauld, belike?”

„No; I am of the Church of England.”

„And they’re just neighbour-like, and nae wonder they gree sae weel. Wha wad hae thought the goodly structure of the Kirk of Scotland, built up by our fathers in 1642, wad hae been defaced by carnal ends and the corruptions of the time; — ay, wha wad hae thought the carved work of the sanctuary would hae been sae soon cut down!”

To this lamentation, which one or two of the assistants chorussed with a deep groan, our hero thought it unnecessary to make any reply. Whereupon Mr Gilfillan, resolving that he should be a hearer at least, if not a disputant, proceeded in his Jeremiade.

„And now is it wonderful, when, for lack of exercise anent the eall to the ministry and the



duty of the day, ministers fall into sinful compliances with patronage, and indemnities, and oaths, and bonds, and other corruptions, — is it wonderful, I say, that you, sir, and other sick-like unhappy persons, should labour to build up your auld Babel of iniquity, as in the bluidy persecuting saint-killing times? I trow, gin ye werena blinded wi' the graces and favours, and services and enjoyments, and employments and inheritances, of this wicked world, I could prove to you, by the Scripture, in what a filthy rag ye put your trust; and that your surplices, and your copes and vestments, are but cast-off garments of the muckle harlot, that sitteth upon seven hills, and drinketh of the cup of abomination. But, I trow, ye are deaf as adders upon that side of the head; ay, ye are deceived with her enchantments, and ye traffic with her merchandize and ye are drunk with the cup of her fornication!

How much longer this military theologian might have continued his invective, in which he spared nobody but the scattered remnant of *hill folk*, as he called them, is absolutely uncertain. His matter was copious, his voice powerful, and his memory strong; so that there was little chance of his ending the exhortation till the party reached Stirling, had not his attention been attracted by a pedlar who had



joined the march from a cross-road, and who sighed or groaned with great regularity at all fitting pauses of his homily.

„And what may ye be, friend?“ said Gilfillan.

„A puir pedlar, that's bound for Stirling, and craves the protection of your honour's party in these kittle times. Ah! your honour has a notable faculty in searching and explaining the secret, — ay, the secret and obscure and incomprehensible causes of the backslidings of the land; ay, your honour touches the root o' the matter.“

„Friend,“ said Gilfillan, with a more complacent voice than he had hitherto used, „honour not me; I do not go out to park-dikes, and to steadings, and to market-towns, to have herds and cotters and burghers pull off their bonnets to me as they do to Major Melville o' Cairnvreckan, and ca' me laird, or captain, or honour; — no, my sma' means, whilk are not aboon twenty thousand mark, have had the blessing of increase, but the pride of my heart has not increased with them; nor do I delight to be called captain, though I have the subscribed commission of that gospel-searching nobleman, the Earl of Glencairn, in whilk I am so designated. While I live, I am, and will be called, Habakkuk Gilfillan, who will



stand up for the standards of doctrine agreed on by the ance-famous Kirk of Scotland, before she trafficked with the accursed Achan, while he has a plack in his purse, or a drap o' bluid in his body."

„Ah," said the pedlar, „I have seen your land about Mauchlin — a fertile spot! your lines have fallen in pleasant places! — and siccan a breed o' cattle is not in ony laird's land in Scotland."

„Ye say right, — ye say right, friend," retorted Gilfillan eagerly, for he was not inaccessible to flattery upon this subject, — „Ye say right; they are the real Lancashire, and there's no the like o' them even at the Mains of Kilmaurs;" and he then entered into a discussion of their excellencies, to which our readers would probably be as indifferent as our hero. After this excursion, the leader returned to his theological discussions, while the pedlar, less profound upon those mystic points, contented himself with groaning, and expressing his edification at suitable intervals.

„What a blessing it would be to the puir blinded popish nations among whom I hae sojourned, to have siccan a light to their paths! I hae been as far as Muscovia in my sma' trading way, as a travelling merchant; and I hae been through France, and the Low Coun-



tries, and a' Poland, and maist feck o' Germany, and O! it would grieve your honour's soul to see the murmuring, and the singing, and massing, that's in the kirk, and the piping that's in the quire, and the heathenish dancing and dicing upon the Sabbath!

This set Gilfillan off upon the Book of Sports and the Covenant, and the Engagers, and the Protesters, and the Whiggamore's Raid, and the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, and the Longer and Shorter Catechism, and the Excommunication at Torwood, and the slaughter of Archbishop Sharp. This last topic again led him into the lawfulness of defensive arms, on which subject he uttered much more sense than could have been expected from some other parts of his harangue, and attracted even Waverley's attention, who had hitherto been lost in his own sad reflections. Mr Gilfillan then considered the lawfulness of a private man standing forth as the avenger of public oppression, and as he was labouring with great earnestness the cause of Mas James Mitchell, an incident occurred which interrupted his harangue.

The rays of the sun were lingering on the very verge of the horizon as the party ascended a hollow and somewhat steep path, which led to the summit of a rising ground. The



country was uninclosed, being part of a very extensive heath or common; but it was far from level, exhibiting in many places hollows filled with furze and broom; in others, little dingles of stunted brushwood. A thicket of the latter description crowned the hill up which the party ascended. The foremost of the band, being the stoutest and most active, had pushed on, and, having surmounted the ascent, were out of ken for the present. Gilfillan, with the pedlar, and the small party who were Waverley's more immediate guard, were near the top of the ascent, and the remainder straggled after them at a considerable interval.

Such was the situation of matters, when the pedlar, missing, as he said, a little doggie which belonged to him, began to halt and whistle for the animal. This signal, repeated more than once, gave offence to the rigour of his companion, the rather because it appeared to indicate inattention to the treasures of theological and controversial knowledge which was pouring out for his edification. He therefore signified gruffly, that he could not waste his time in waiting for an useless cur.

„But if your honour wad consider the case of Tobit“ —

„Tobit!“ exclaimed Gilfillan, with great heat; „Tobit and his dog baith are altogether



heathenish and apocryphal, and none but a prelatist or a papist would draw them into question. I doubt I hae been mista'en in you, friend."

"Very likely," answered the pedlar, with great composure; „but ne'ertheless I shall take leave to whistle again upon puir Bawty."

This last signal was answered in an unexpected manner; for six or eight stout Highlanders, who lurked among the copse and brushwood, sprung into the hollow way, and began to lay about them with their claymores. Gilfillan, unappalled at this undesirable apparition, cried out manfully, „The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" and, drawing his broad-sword, would probably have done as much credit to the good old cause as any of its doughty champions at Drumclog, when behold! the pedlar, snatching a musket from the person who was next him, bestowed the butt of it with such emphasis on the head of his late instructor in the Cameronian creed, that he was forthwith levelled to the ground. In the confusion which ensued, the horse which bore our hero was shot by one of Gilfillan's party, as he discharged his firelock at random. Waverley fell with, and indeed under, the animal, and sustained some severe contusions. But he was almost instantly extricated from the fallen steed by two Highlanders, who, each seizing him by



the arm, hurried him away from the scuffle and from the high-road. They ran with great speed, half supporting and half dragging our hero, who could however distinguish a few dropping shots fired about the spot which he had left. This, as he afterwards learned, proceeded from Gilfillan's party, who had now assembled, the stragglers in front and rear having joined the others. At their approach the Highlanders drew off, but not before they had rifled Gilfillan and two of his people, who remained on the spot grievously wounded. A few shots were exchanged betwixt them and the Westlanders; but the latter, now without a commander, and apprehensive of a second ambush, did not make any serious effort to recover their prisoner, judging it more wise to proceed on their journey to Stirling, carrying with them their wounded captain and comrades.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### *Waverley is still in Distress.*

THE velocity, and indeed violence, with which Waverley was hurried along, nearly deprived him of sensation; for the injury he had received from his fall prevented him from aiding himself so effectually as he might otherwise have done. When this was observed by his conductors, they called to their aid two or three others of the party, and swathing our hero's body in one of their plaids, divided his weight by that means among them, and transported him at the same rapid rate as before, without any exertion of his own. They spoke little, and that in Gaelic; and did not slacken



their pace till they had run nearly two miles, when they abated their extreme rapidity, but continued still to walk very fast, relieving each other occasionally.

Our hero now endeavoured to address them, but was only answered with „Niel Sassenagh,” that is, „no English,” being, as Waverley well knew, the constant reply of a Highlander, when he either does not understand, or does not choose to reply to an Englishman or Lowlander. He then mentioned the name of Vichlan Vohr, concluding that he was indebted to his friendship for his rescue from the clutches of Gifted Gilfillan; but neither did this produce any mark of recognition from his escort.

The twilight had given place to moonshine when the party halted upon the brink of a precipitous glen, which, as partially enlightened by the moon-beams, seemed full of trees and tangled brushwood. Two of the Highlanders dived into it by a small foot-path, as if to explore its recesses, and one of them returning in a few minutes, said something to his companions, who instantly raised their burthen, and bore him, with great attention and care, down the narrow and abrupt descent. Notwithstanding their precautions, however, Waverley's person came more than once into con-



tact, rudely enough, with the projecting stumps and branches which overhung the pathway.

At the bottom of the descent, and, as it seemed, by the side of a brook, (for Waverley heard the rushing of a considerable body of water, although its stream was invisible in the darkness,) the party again stopped before a small and rudely-constructed hovel. The door was open, and the inside of the premises appeared as uncomfortable and rude as its situation and exterior foreboded. There was no appearance of a floor of any kind; the roof seemed rent in several places; the walls were composed of loose stones and turf, and the thatch of branches of trees. The fire was in the centre, and filled the whole wigwam with smoke, which escaped as much through the door as by means of a circular aperture in the roof. An old Highland sybil, the only inhabitant of this forlorn mansion, appeared busy in the preparation of some food. By the light which the fire afforded, Waverley could discover that his attendants were not of the clan of Ivor, for Fergus was particularly strict in requiring from his followers that they should wear the tartan striped in the mode peculiar to their race; a mark of distinction anciently general through the Highlands, and still maintained by those Chiefs who were proud of their



lineage, or jealous of their separate and exclusive authority.

Edward had lived at Glennaquoich long enough to be aware of a distinction which he had repeatedly heard noticed, and now satisfied that he had no interest with his attendants, he glanced a disconsolate eye around the interior of the cabin. The only furniture, excepting a washing-tub, and a wooden press, called in Scotland an *ambry*, sorely decayed, was a large wooden bed, planked, as is usual, all round, and opening by a sliding pannel. In this recess the Highlanders deposited Waverley, after he had by signs declined any refreshment. His slumbers were broken and unrefreshing; strange visions passed before his eyes, and it required constant and reiterated efforts of mind to dispel them. Shivering, violent headache, and shooting pains in his limbs, succeeded these symptoms; and in the morning it was evident to his Highland attendants or guard, for he knew not in which light to consider them, that Waverley was quite unfit to travel.

After a long consultation among themselves, six of the party left the hut with their arms, leaving behind an old and a young man. The former addressed Waverley, and bathed the contusions, which swelling and livid colour now



made conspicuous. His own portmanteau, which the Highlanders had not failed to bring off, supplied him with linen, and, to his great surprise, was, with all its contents, freely resigned to his use. The bedding of his couch seemed clean and comfortable, and his aged attendant closed the door of the bed, for it had no curtain, after a few words of Gaelic, from which Waverley gathered that he exhorted him to repose. So behold our hero for a second time the patient of a Highland Esculapius, but in a situation much more uncomfortable than when he was the guest of the worthy Tomanrait.

The symptomatic fever which accompanied the injuries he had sustained, did not abate till the third day, when it gave way to the care of his attendants and the strength of his constitution, and he could now raise himself in his bed, though not without pain. He observed, however, that there was a great disinclination, on the part of the old woman who acted as his nurse, as well as on that of the elderly Highlander, to permit the door of the bed to be left open, so that he might amuse himself with observing their motions; and at length, after Waverley had repeatedly drawn open, and they had as frequently shut, the hatchway of his cage, the old gentleman put



an end to the contest, by securing it on the outside with a nail so effectually that the door could not be drawn till this exterior impediment was removed.

While musing upon the cause of this contradictory spirit in persons whose conduct intimated no purpose of plunder, and who, in all other points, appeared to consult his welfare and his wishes, it occurred to our hero, that, during the worst crisis of his illness, a feminine figure, younger than his old Highland nurse, had appeared to flit around his couch. Of this indeed he had but a very indistinct recollection, but his suspicions were confirmed when, attentively listening, he often heard, in the course of the day, the voice of another female conversing in whispers with his attendant. Who could it be? And why should she apparently desire concealment? Fancy immediately roused herself, and turned to Flora Mac-Ivor. But after a short conflict between his eager desire to believe she was in his neighbourhood, guarding, like an angel of mercy, the couch of his sickness, Waverley was compelled to conclude that his conjecture was altogether improbable; since, to suppose she had left her comparatively safe situation at Glennaquoich to descend into the low country, now the seat of civil war, and to inhabit such a



lurking-place as this, was a thing hardly to be imagined. Yet his heart bounded as he sometimes could distinctly hear the trip of a light female step glide to or from the door of the hut, or the suppressed sounds of a female voice, of softness and delicacy, hold dialogue with the hoarse inward croak of old Janet, for so he understood his antiquated attendant was denominated.

Having nothing else to amuse his solitude, he employed himself in contriving some plan to gratify his curiosity, in despite of the sedulous caution of Janet and the old Highland janizary, for he had never seen the young fellow since the first morning. At length, upon accurate examination, the infirm state of his wooden prison-house appeared to supply the means of gratifying his curiosity, for out of a spot which was somewhat decayed he was able to extract a nail. Through this minute aperture he could perceive a female form, wrapped in a plaid, in the act of conversing with Janet. But, since the days of our grandmother Eve, the gratification of inordinate curiosity has generally borne its penalty in disappointment. The form was not that of Flora, nor was the face visible; and, to crown his disappointment, while he laboured with the nail to enlarge the hole, that he might obtain a more complete



view, a slight noise betrayed his purpose, and the object of his curiosity instantly disappeared, nor, so far as he could observe, did she again revisit the cottage.

All precautions to blockade his view were from that time abandoned, and he was not only permitted, but assisted, to rise, and quit what had been, in a literal sense, his couch of confinement. But he was not allowed to leave the hut; for the young Highlander had now rejoined his senior, and one or other was constantly on the watch. Whenever Waverley approached the cottage door, the sentinel upon duty civilly, but resolutely, placed himself against it and opposed his exit, accompanying his action with signs which seemed to imply there was danger in the attempt, and an enemy in the neighbourhood. Old Janet appeared anxious and upon the watch; and Waverley, who had not yet recovered strength enough to attempt to take his departure in spite of the opposition of his hosts, was under the necessity of remaining patient. His fare was, in every point of view, better than he could have conceived; for poultry, and even wine, were no strangers to his table. The Highlanders never presumed to eat with him, and, unless in the circumstance of watching him, treated him with great respect. His sole amusement



was gazing from the window, or rather the shapeless aperture which was meant to answer the purpose of a window, upon a large and rough brook, which raged and foamed through a rocky channel, closely canopied with trees and bushes, about ten feet beneath the site of his house of captivity.

Upon the sixth day of his confinement, Waverley found himself so well that he began to meditate his escape from this dull and miserable prison-house, thinking any risk which he might incur in the attempt preferable to the stupifying and intolerable uniformity of Janet's retirement. The question indeed occurred, where he was to direct his course when again at his own disposal. Two schemes seemed practicable, yet both attended with danger and difficulty. One was to go back to Glennaquoich, and join Fergus Mac-Ivor, by whom he was sure to be kindly received; and in the present state of his mind, the rigour with which he had been treated fully absolved him in his own eyes from his allegiance to the existing government. The other project was to endeavour to attain a Scottish sea-port, and thence to take shipping for England. His mind wavered between these plans, and probably, if he had effected his escape in the manner he proposed, he would have been finally deter-



mined by the comparative facility by which either might have been executed. But his fortune had settled that he was not to be left to his option.

Upon the evening of the seventh day the door of the hut suddenly opened, and two Highlanders entered, whom Waverley recognized, as having been a part of his original escort to this cottage. They conversed for a short time with the old man and his companion, and then made Waverley understand, by very significant signs, that he was to prepare to accompany them. This was a joyful communication. What had already passed during his confinement made it evident that no personal injury was designed to him; and his romantic spirit, having recovered during his repose much of that elasticity which anxiety, resentment, disappointment, and the mixture of unpleasant feelings excited by his late adventures had for a time subjugated, was now wearied with inaction. His passion for the wonderful, although it is the nature of such dispositions to be excited by that degree of danger which merely gives dignity to the feeling of the individual exposed to it, had sunk under the extraordinary and apparently insurmountable evils by which he appeared environed at Cairnvreckan. In fact, this compound of intense curiosity



and exalted imagination forms a peculiar species of courage, which somewhat resembles the light usually carried by a miner, sufficiently competent indeed to afford him guidance and comfort during the ordinary perils of his labour, but certain to be extinguished should he encounter the more formidable hazard of earth-damps or pestiferous vapours. It was now, however, once more rekindled, and with a throbbing mixture of hope, awe, and anxiety, Waverley watched the group before him, as those who were just arrived snatched a hasty meal, and the others assumed their arms and made brief preparations for their departure.

As he sat in the smoky hut, at some distance from the fire, around which the others were crowded, he felt a gentle pressure upon his arm. He looked round — It was Alice, the daughter of Donald Bean Lean. She shewed him a packet of papers in such a manner that the motion was remarked by no one else, put her finger for a second to her lips, and passed on, as if to assist old Janet in packing Waverley's clothes in his portmanteau. It was obviously her wish that he should not seem to recognize her; yet she repeatedly looked back at him, as an opportunity occurred of doing so unobserved, and when she saw that he remarked what she did, she folded the packet



with great address and speed in one of his shirts, which she deposited in the portmanteau.

Here then was fresh food for conjecture. Was Alice his unknown warden, and was this maiden of the cavern the tutelar genius that watched his bed during his sickness? Was he in the hands of her father? and if so, what was his purpose? Spoil, his usual object, seemed in this case neglected; for not only Waverley's property was restored, but his purse, which might have tempted this professional plunderer, had been all along suffered to remain in his possession. All this perhaps the packet might explain; but it was plain from Alice's manner that she desired he should consult it in secret. Nor did she again seek his eye after she had satisfied herself that her manoeuvre was observed and understood. On the contrary, she shortly afterwards left the hut, and it was only as she tript out from the door, that, favoured by the obscurity, she gave Waverley a parting smile and nod of significance, ere she vanished in the dark glen.

The young Highlander was repeatedly dispatched by his comrades as if to collect intelligence. At length, when he had returned for the third or fourth time, the whole party arose, and made signs to our hero to accompany them. Before his departure, however, he shook hands



with old Janet, who had been so sedulous in his behalf, and added substantial marks of his gratitude for her attendance.

"God bless you! God prosper you, Captain Waverley!" said Janet, in good, Lowland Scotch, though he had never hitherto heard her utter a syllable, save in Gaelic. But the impatience of his attendants prohibited his asking any explanation.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### *A Nocturnal Adventure.*

THERE was a moment's pause when the whole party had got out of the hut, and the Highlander who assumed the command, and who, in Waverley's awakened recollection, seemed to be the same tall figure who had acted as Donald Bean Lean's lieutenant, by whispers and signs imposed the most strict silence. He delivered to Edward a sword and steel pistol, and, pointing up the track, laid his hand on the hilt of his own claymore, as if to make him sensible they might have occasion to use force to make good their passage. He then placed himself at the head of the party, who



moved up the pathway in single or Indian file, Waverley being placed nearest to their leader. He moved with great precaution, as if to avoid giving any alarm, and halted as soon as he came to the verge of the ascent. Waverley was soon sensible of the reason, for he heard at no great distance an English centinel call out «All's well.» The heavy sound sunk on the night-wind down the woody glen, and was answered by the echoes of its banks. A second, third, and fourth time the signal was repeated fainter and fainter, as if at a greater and greater distance. It was obvious a party of soldiers were near, and upon their guard, though not sufficiently so to detect men skilful in every art of predatory warfare, like those with whom he now watched their ineffectual precautions.

When these sounds had died upon the silence of the night, the Highlanders began their march swiftly, yet with the most cautious silence. Waverley had little time, or indeed disposition, for observation, and could only discern that they passed at some distance from a large building, in the windows of which a light or two yet seemed to twinkle. A little farther on, the leading Highlander snuffed the wind like a setting spaniel, and then made a signal to his party again to halt. He stooped down upon all fours, wrapped up in his plaid,



so as to be scarce distinguishable from the heathy ground on which he moved, and advanced in this posture to reconnoitre. In a short time he returned, and dismissed his attendants excepting one; and, intimating to Waverley that he must imitate his cautious mode of proceeding, all three crept forward on hands and knees.

After proceeding a greater way in this inconvenient manner than was at all comfortable to his knees and shins, Waverley perceived the smell of smoke, which probably had been much sooner distinguished by the more acute nasal organs of his guide. It proceeded from the corner of a low and ruinous sheep-fold, the walls of which were made of loose stones, as is usual in Scotland. Close by this low wall the Highlander guided Waverley, and, in order probably to make him sensible of his danger, or perhaps to obtain the full credit of his own dexterity, he intimated to him, by sign and example, that he might raise his head so as to peep into the sheep-fold. Waverley did so, and beheld an outpost of four or five soldiers lying by their watch-fire. They were all asleep, except the centinel, who paced backwards and forwards with his firelock on his shoulder, which glanced red in the light of the fire as he crossed and re-crossed before it in his short



walk, casting his eye frequently to that part of the heavens from which the moon, hitherto obscured by mist, seemed now about to make her appearance.

In the course of a minute or two, by one of those sudden changes of atmosphere incident to a mountainous country, a breeze arose, and swept before it the clouds which had covered the horizon, and the night planet poured her full effulgence upon a wide and blighted heath, skirted indeed with copsewood and stunted trees in the quarter from which they had come, but open and bare to the observation of the sentinel in that to which their course tended. The wall of the sheep-fold indeed concealed them as they lay, but any advance beyond its shelter seemed impossible without certain discovery.

The Highlander eyed the blue vault, but far from blessing the useful light with Homer's, or rather Pope's, benighted peasant, he muttered a Gaelic curse upon the unseasonable splendour of *M'Farlane's* *buat* (*i. e.* lanthorn) He looked anxiously around for a few minutes, and then apparently took his resolution. Leaving his attendant with Waverley, after motioning to Edward to remain quiet, and giving his comrade directions in a brief whisper, he retreated, favoured by the irregularity of the



ground, in the same direction and in the same manner as they had advanced. Edward, turning his head after him, could perceive him crawling on all fours with the dexterity of an Indian, availing himself of every bush and inequality to escape observation, and never passing over the more exposed parts of his track until the centinel's back was turned from him. At length he reached the thickets and underwood which partly covered the moor in that direction, and probably extended to the verge of the glen where Waverley had been so long an inhabitant. The Highlander disappeared, but it was only for a few minutes, for he suddenly issued forth from a different part of the thicket, and advancing boldly upon the open heath, as if to invite discovery, he levelled his piece and fired at the centinel. A wound in the arm proved a disagreeable interruption to the poor fellow's meteorological observations, as well as to the tune of Nancy Dawson, which he was whistling. He returned the fire ineffectually, and his comrades, starting up at the alarm, advanced alertly towards the spot from which the first shot had issued. The Highlander, after giving them a full view of his person, dived among the thickets, for his *ruse de guerre* had now perfectly succeeded.

While the soldiers pursued the cause of



their disturbance in one direction, Waverley, adopting the hint of his remaining attendant, made the best of his speed in that which his guide originally intended to pursue, and which now (the attention of the soldiers being drawn to a different quarter) was unobserved and unguarded. When they had run about a quarter of a mile, the brow of a rising ground, which they had surmounted, concealed them from further risk of observation. They still heard, however, at a distance, the shouts of the soldiers as they hallooed to each other upon the heath, and they could also hear the distant roll of a drum beating to arms in the same direction. But these hostile sounds were now far in their rear, and died upon the breezes as they rapidly proceeded.

When they had walked about half an hour, still along open and waste ground of the same description, they came to the stump of an ancient oak, which, from its relics, appeared to have been at one time a tree of very large size. In an adjacent hollow they found several Highlanders, with a horse or two. They had not joined them above a few minutes, which Waverley's attendant employed, in all probability, in communicating the cause of their delay, (for the words Duncan Duroch was often repeated,) when Duncan himself appeared, out



of breath indeed, and with all the symptoms of having run for his life, but laughing, and in high spirits at the success of the stratagem by which he had baffled his pursuers. This indeed Waverley could easily conceive might be a matter of no great difficulty to the active mountaineer, who was perfectly acquainted with the ground, and traced his course with a firmness and confidence to which his pursuers must have been strangers. The alarm which he excited seemed still to continue, for a dropping shot or two were heard at a great distance, which seemed to serve as an addition to the mirth of Duncan and his comrades.

The mountaineer now resumed the arms with which he had entrusted our hero, giving him to understand that the dangers of the journey were happily surmounted. Waverley was then mounted upon one of the horses, a change which the fatigue of the night and his recent illness rendered exceedingly acceptable. His portmanteau was placed on another poney, Duncan mounted a third, and they set forward at a round pace, accompanied by their escort. No other incident marked the course of that night's journey, and at the dawn of morning they attained the banks of a rapid river. The country around was at once fertile and romantic. Steep banks of wood were broken by corn fields,



which this year presented an abundant harvest, already in a great measure cut down.

On the opposite bank of the river, and partly surrounded by a winding of its stream, stood a large and massive castle, the halfruined turrets of which were already glittering in the first rays of the sun. It was in form an oblong square, of size sufficient to contain a large court in the centre. The towers at each angle of the square rose higher than the walls of the building, and were in their turn surmounted by turrets, differing in height and irregular in shape. Upon one of these a centinel watched, whose bonnet and plaid, streaming in the wind, declared him to be a Highlander, as a broad white ensign, which floated from another tower, announced that the garrison was held by the insurgent adherents of the house of Stuart.

Passing hastily through a small and mean town, where their appearance excited neither surprise nor curiosity in the few peasants whom the labours of the harvest began to summon from their repose, the party crossed an ancient and narrow bridge of several arches, and turning to the left, up an avenue of huge old sycamores, Waverley found himself in front of the gloomy yet picturesque structure which he had admired at a distance. A huge iron-grated door, which formed the exterior



defence of the gateway, was already thrown back to receive them; and a second, heavily constructed of oak, and studded thickly with iron nails, being next opened, admitted them into the interior court-yard. A gentleman, dressed in the Highland garb, and having a white cockade in his bonnet, assisted Waverley to dismount from his horse, and with much courtesy bid him welcome to the castle.

The governor, for so we must term him, having conducted Waverley to a half-ruinous apartment, where, however, there was a small camp-bed, and having offered him any refreshment which he desired, was then about to leave him.

“Will you not add to your civilities,” said Waverley, after having made the usual acknowledgment, “by having the kindness to inform me where I am, and whether or not I am to consider myself as a prisoner?”

“I am not at liberty to be so explicit upon this subject as I could wish. Briefly, however, you are in the Castle of Doune, in the district of Menteith, and in no danger whatever.”

“And how am I assured of that?”

“By the honour of Donald Stuart, governor of the garrison, and lieutenant-colonel in the service of his Royal Highness Prince Charles



Edward." So saying he hastily left the apartment, as if to avoid further discussion.

Our hero, exhausted by the fatigues of the night, now threw himself upon the bed, and was in a few minutes fast asleep.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### *The Journey is continued.*

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BEFORE Waverley awakened from his repose, the day was far advanced, and he began to feel that he had passed many hours without food. This was soon supplied in form of a copious breakfast, but Colonel Stuart, as if wishing to avoid the queries of his guest, did not again present himself. His compliments were, however, delivered by a servant, with an offer to provide any thing in his power that could be useful to Captain Waverley on his journey, which he intimated would be continued that evening. To Waverley's further en-



quiries, the servant opposed the impenetrable barrier of real or affected ignorance and stupidity. He removed the table and provisions, and Waverley was again consigned to his own meditations.

As he contemplated the strangeness of his fortune, which seemed to delight in placing him at the disposal of others, without the power of directing his own motions, Edward's eye suddenly rested upon his portmanteau, which had been deposited in his apartment during his sleep. The mysterious appearance of Alice, in the cottage of the glen, immediately rushed upon his mind, and he was about to secure and examine the packet which she had deposited among his clothes, when the servant of Colonel Stuart again made his appearance, and took up the portmanteau upon his shoulders.

„May I not take out a change of linen, my friend?“

„Your honour sall get ane o' the Colonel's ain ruffled sarks, but this maun gang in the baggage-cart.“

And so saying, he very coolly carried off the portmanteau, without waiting further remonstrance, leaving our hero in a state where disappointment and indignation struggled for the mastery. In a few minutes he heard a



cart rumble out of the rugged court-yard, and made no doubt that he was now dispossessed, for a space at least, if not for ever, of the only documents which seemed to promise some light upon the dubious events which had of late influenced his destiny. With such melancholy thoughts he had to beguile about four or five hours of solitude.

When this space was elapsed, the tramping of horse was heard in the court-yard, and Colonel Stuart soon after made his appearance to request his guest to take some farther refreshment before his departure. The offer was accepted, for a late breakfast had by no means left our hero incapable of doing honour to dinner, which was now presented. The conversation of his host was that of a plain country gentleman, mixed with some soldier-like sentiments and expressions. He cautiously avoided any reference to the military operations or civil politics of the time; and to Waverley's direct enquiries concerning some of these points, replied equally directly, that he was not at liberty to converse upon such topics.

When dinner was finished, the governor arose, and wishing Edward a good journey, told him that his servant having informed him that his baggage had been sent forward, he had taken the freedom to supply him with such



changes of linen as he might find necessary till he was again possessed of his own. With this compliment he disappeared. A servant acquainted Waverley an instant afterwards, that his horse was ready.

Upon this hint he descended into the courtyard, and found a trooper holding a saddled horse, on which he mounted, and sallied from the portal of Doune castle, attended by about a score of armed men on horseback. These had less the appearance of regular soldiers than of individuals who had suddenly assumed arms from some pressing motive of unexpected emergency. Their uniform, which was an affected imitation of that of French chasseurs, was in many respects incomplete, and sat awkwardly upon those who wore it. Waverley's eye, accustomed to look at a well-disciplined regiment, could easily discover that the motions and habits of his escort were not those of trained soldiers, and that although expert enough in the management of their horses, their skill was that of huntsmen or grooms, rather than of troopers. The horses were not trained to the regular pace so necessary to execute simultaneous and combined movements and formations; nor did they seem *bitted* (as it is technically expressed) for the use of the sword. The men, however, were stout hardy-looking



fellows, and might be individually formidable as irregular cavalry. The commander of this small party was mounted upon an excellent hunter, and although dressed in uniform, his change of apparel did not prevent Waverley from recognizing his old acquaintance, Mr Falconer of Balmawhapple.

Now, although the terms upon which Edward had met with this gentleman were none of the most friendly, he would have sacrificed every recollection of their foolish quarrel, for the pleasure of enjoying once more the social intercourse of question and answer, from which he had been so long secluded. But apparently the remembrance of his defeat by the Baron of Bradwardine, of which Edward had been the unwilling cause, still rankled in the mind of the lowbred, and yet proud, laird. He carefully avoided giving the least sign of recognition, riding doggedly at the head of his men, who, though scarce equal in numbers to a serjeant's party, were denominated Captain Falconer's troop, being preceded by a trumpet, which sounded from time to time, and a standard, borne by Cornet Falconer, the laird's younger brother. The lieutenant, an elderly man, had much the air of a low sportsman and boon companion; an expression of dry humour predominated in his countenance



over features of a vulgar cast, which indicated habitual intemperance. His cocked hat was set knowingly upon one side of his head, and while he whistled the "Bob of Dumblain," under the influence of half a mutchkin of brandy, he seemed to trot merrily forwards, with a happy indifference to the state of the country, the conduct of the party, the end of the journey, and all other sublunary matters whatever.

From this wight, who now and then dropped alongside of his horse, Waverley hoped to acquire some information, or at least to beguile the way with talk. "A fine evening, sir," was Edward's salutation.

"Ow, ay, sir! a bra' night," replied the lieutenant, in broad Scotch of the most vulgar description.

"And a fine harvest, apparently," continued Waverley, following up his first attack.

"Ay, the aits will be got bravely in; but the farmers, de'il burst them, and the corn-mongers, will make the auld price gute against them as has horses till keep."

"You perhaps act as quarter-master, sir?"

"Ay, quarter-master, riding master, and lieutenant. And, to be sure, wha's fitter to look after the breaking and the keeping of the



poor beasts than mysel, that bought and sold every ane o' them?"

"And, pray, sir, if it be not too great a freedom, may I beg to know where we are going just now?"

"A fule's errand, I fear," answered this communicative personage.

"In that case, I should have thought a person of your appearance would not have been found on the road."

"Vera true, vera true, sir, — but every why has its wherefore; ye maun ken the laird there bought a' thir beasts frae me to munt his troop, and agreed to pay for them according to the necessities and prices of the time. But then he hadna the ready penny, and I hae been advised his bond will not be worth a boddle against the estate, and then I had a' my dealers to settle wi' at Martinmas; and so as he very kindly offered me this commission, and as the auld *Fifteen* wad never help me to my siller for sending out naigs against the government, why, conscience! sir, I thought my best chance for payment was e'en to gae out mysel; and ye may judge, sir, as I hae dealt a' my life in halts, I think na mickle o' putting my craig in peril of a St Johnstone's tippet."



“You are not, then, by profession a soldier?”

“Na, na, thank God,” answered this doughty partizan, “I was na bred at sae short a tether; I was brought up to hack and manger: I was bred a horse-couper, sir; and if I might live to see you at Whitson-tryst, or at Stags-haw-bank, or the winter fair at Hawick, and ye wanted a spanker that would lead the field, I’ll be caution I would serve ye easy, for Jamie Jinker was ne’er the lad to impose upon a gentleman. Ye’re a gentleman, sir, and should ken a horse’s points; ye see that through-ganging thing that Balmawhapple’s on; I sold her till him. She was bred out of Lick the-Ladle, that wan the king’s plate at Caverton-Edge, by Duke Hamilton’s Dusty-Foot,” etc. etc. etc.

But as Jinker was entered full sail upon the pedigree of Balmawhapple’s mare, having already got as far as great grandsire and grand-dam, and while Waverley was watching for an opportunity to obtain from him intelligence of more interest, the noble captain checked his horse until they came up, and then without directly appearing to notice Edward, said sternly to the genealogist, “I thought, lieutenant, my orders were precise, that no one should speak to the prisoner?”



The metamorphosed horse-dealer was silenced of course, and slunk to the rear, where he consoled himself by entering into a vehement dispute upon the price of hay with a farmer, who had reluctantly followed his laird to the field, rather than give up his farm, whereof the lease had just expired. Waverley was therefore once more consigned to silence, foreseeing that farther attempts at conversation with any of the party would only give Balmawhapple a wished-for opportunity to display the insolence of authority, and the sulky spite of a temper naturally dogged, and rendered more so by habits of low indulgence and the incense of servile adulation.

In about two hours time, the party were near the Castle of Stirling, over whose battlements the union flag was brightened as it waved in the evening sun. To shorten his journey, or perhaps to display his importance and insult the English garrison, Balmawhapple, inclining to the right, took his route through the royal park, which reaches to and surrounds the rock upon which the fortress is situated.

With a mind more at ease, Waverley could not have failed to admire the mixture of romance and beauty which renders interesting the scene through which he was now passing —



the field which had been the scene of the tournaments of old — the rock from which the ladies beheld the contest, while each made vows for the success of some favourite knight — the towers of the Gothic church, where these vows might be paid — and, surmounting all, the fortress itself, at once a castle and palace, where valour received the prize from royalty, and knights and dames closed the evening amid the revelry of the dance, the song, and the feast. All these were objects fitted to arouse and interest a romantic imagination.

But Waverley had other subjects of meditation, and an incident soon occurred of a nature to disturb meditation of any kind. Balmawhapple, in the pride of his heart, as he wheeled his little body of cavalry around the base of the castle, commanded his trumpet to sound a flourish, and his standard to be displayed. This insult produced apparently some sensation; for when the cavalcade was at such distance from the southern battery as to admit of a gun being depressed so as to bear upon them, a flash of fire issued from one of the embrasures upon the rock; and ere the report with which it was attended could be heard, the rushing sound of a cannon-ball passed over Balmawhapple's head, and the bullet, burying itself in the ground at a few



yards distance, covered him with the earth which it drove up. There was no need to bid the party trudge. In fact, every man acting upon the impulse of the moment, Mr Jinker's steeds were soon brought to shew their mettle, and the cavaliers, retreating with more speed than regularity, never took to a trot, as the lieutenant afterwards observed, until an intervening eminence had secured them from any repetition of so undesirable a compliment on the part of Stirling Castle. I must do Balmawhapple, however, the justice to say, that he not only kept the rear of his troop, and laboured to maintain some order among them, but, in the height of his gallantry, answered the fire of the castle by discharging one of his horse-pistols at the battlements; although, the distance being nearly half a mile, I could never learn that this measure of retaliation was attended with any particular effect.

The travellers now passed the memorable field of Bannockburn, and reached the Torwood, a place glorious or terrible to the recollections of the Scottish peasant, as the feats of Wallace, or the cruelties of Wude Willie Grime, predominate in his recollection. At Falkirk, a town formerly famous in Scottish history, and soon to be again distinguished as the scene of military events of impor-



tance, Balmawhapple proposed to halt and repose for the evening. This was performed with very little regard to military discipline, as his worthy quarter-master was chiefly solicitous to discover where the best brandy might be come at. Centinels were deemed unnecessary, and the only vigils performed were those of such of the party as could procure liquor. A few resolute men might easily have cut off the detachment; but of the inhabitants some were favourable, many indifferent, and the rest overawed. So nothing memorable occurred in the course of the evening, excepting that Waverley's rest was sorely interrupted by the revellers hallooing forth their Jacobite songs, without remorse or mitigation of voice.

Early in the morning they were again mounted, and on the road to Edinburgh, though the pallid visages of some of the troop betrayed that they had spent a night of sleepless debauchery. They halted at Linlithgow, distinguished by its ancient palace, which, Sixty Years since, was entire and habitable, but the venerable ruins of which, *not quite Sixty Years since*, very narrowly escaped the unworthy fate of being converted into a barrack for French prisoners. May repose and blessings attend the ashes of the patriotic statesman, who, amongst



his last services to Scotland, interposed to prevent this profanation!

As they approached the metropolis of Scotland, through a champaign and cultivated country, the sounds of war began to be heard. The distant, yet distinct report of heavy cannon, fired at intervals, apprized Waverley that the work of destruction was going forward. Even Balmawhapple seemed moved to take some precautions, by sending an advanced party in front of his troop, keeping the main body in tolerable order, and moving steadily forward.

Marching in this manner they speedily reached an eminence, from which they could view Edinburgh stretching along the ridgy hill which slopes eastward from the Castle. The latter, being in a state of siege, or rather of blockade, by the northern insurgents, who had already occupied the town for two or three days, fired at intervals upon such parties of Highlanders as exposed themselves, either on the main street, or elsewhere in the vicinity of the fortress. The morning being calm and fair, the effect of this dropping fire was to invest the Castle in wreaths of smoke, the edges of which dissipated slowly in the air, while the central veil was darkened ever and anon by fresh clouds poured forth from the battlements; the whole giving, by the partial concealment,



an appearance of grandeur and gloom, rendered more terrific when Waverley reflected on the cause by which it was produced, and that each explosion might ring some brave man's knell.

Ere they approached the city, the partial cannonade had wholly ceased. Balmawhapple, however, having in his recollection the unfriendly greeting which his troop had received from the battery at Stirling, had apparently no wish to tempt the forbearance of the artillery of the Castle. He therefore left the direct road, and sweeping considerably to the southward, so as to keep out of range of the cannon, approached the ancient palace of Holyrood, without having entered the walls of the city. He then drew up his men in front of that venerable pile, and delivered Waverley to the custody of a guard of Highlanders, whose officer conducted him into the interior of the building.

A long, low, and ill proportioned gallery, hung with pictures, affirmed to be the portraits of kings, who, if they ever flourished at all, lived several hundred years before the invention of painting in oil colours, served as a sort of guard-chamber, or vestibule, to the apartments which the adventurous Charles Edward now occupied in the palace of his



ancestors. Officers, both in the Highland and Lowland garb, passed and re passed in haste, or loitered in the hall, as if waiting for orders. Secretaries were engaged in making out passes, musters, and returns. All seemed busy, and earnestly intent upon something of importance; but Waverley was suffered to remain seated in the recess of a window unnoticed by any one, in anxious reflection upon the crisis of his fate, which seemed now rapidly approaching.



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## CHAPTER XL.

### *An Old and a New Acquaintance.*

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WHILE he was deep sunk in his reverie, the rustle of tartans was heard behind him, a friendly arm clasped his shoulders, and a friendly voice exclaimed,

„Said the Highland prophet sooth? Or must second sight go for nothing? ”

Waverley turned, and was warmly embraced by Fergus Mac-Ivor. „A thousand welcomes to Holyrood, once more possessed by her legitimate sovereign! Did I not say we should prosper, and that you would fall into the hands of the Philistines if you parted from us? ”

„Dear Fergus, it is long since I have heard a friend's voice. Where is Flora? ”



„Safe, and a triumphant spectator of our success.”

„In this place?”

„Aye, in this city at least, and you shall see her; but first you must meet a friend whom you little think of, who has been frequent in his enquiries after you.”

Thus saying, he dragged Waverley by the arm out of the guard-chamber, and ere he knew where he was conducted, Edward found himself in a presence-room, fitted up with some attempt at royal state.

A young man, wearing his own fair hair, distinguished by the dignity of his mien and the noble expression of his well-formed and regular features, advanced out of a circle of military gentlemen and Highland chiefs, by whom he was surrounded. In his easy and graceful manners, Waverley afterwards thought he could have discovered his high birth and rank, although the star on his breast, and the embroidered garter at his knee, had not appeared as its indications.

„Let me present to your Royal Highness,” said Fergus, bowing profoundly —

„The descendant of one of the most ancient and loyal families in England,” said the young Chevalier, interrupting him. „I beg your pardon for interrupting you, my dear Mac-Ivor,



but no master of ceremonies is necessary to present a Waverley to a Stuart."

Thus saying, he extended his hand to Edward with the utmost courtesy, who could not, had he desired it, have avoided rendering him the homage which seemed due to his rank, and was certainly the right of his birth. "I am sorry to understand, Mr Waverley, that, owing to circumstances which have been as yet but ill explained, you have suffered some restraint among my followers in Perthshire, and on your march here; but we are in such a situation that we hardly know our friends, and I am even at this moment uncertain whether I can have the pleasure of considering Mr Waverley among mine."

He then paused for an instant, but before Edward could adjust a suitable reply, or even arrange his ideas as to its purport, he took out a paper, and proceeded: — "I should indeed have no doubts upon this subject, if I could trust to this proclamation, set forth by the friends of the Elector of Hanover, in which they rank Mr Waverley among the nobility and gentry who are menaced with the pains of high-treason for loyalty to their legitimate sovereign. But I desire to gain no adherents save from affection and conviction; and if Mr Waverley inclines to prosecute his journey to the



south, or to join the forces of the Elector, he shall have my passport and free permission to do so; and I can only regret that my power will not extend to protect him against the probable consequences of such a measure — But, „continued Charles Edward, after another short pause,“ if Mr Waverley should, like his ancestor, Sir Nigel, determine to embrace a cause which has little to recommend it but its justice, and follow a prince who throws himself upon the affections of his people to recover the throne of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt, I can only say, that among these nobles and gentlemen he will find worthy associates in a gallant enterprize, and will follow a master who may be unfortunate, but I trust will never be ungrateful.“

The politic chieftain of the race of Ivor knew his advantage in introducing Waverley to this personal interview with the royal adventurer. Unaccustomed to the address and manners of a polished court, in which Charles was eminently skilful, his words and his kindness penetrated the heart of our hero, and easily outweighed all prudential motives. To be thus personally solicited for assistance by a prince, whose form and manners, as well as the spirit which he displayed in this singular enterprise, answered his ideas of a hero of romance; to



he courted by him in the ancient halls of his paternal palace, recovered by the sword which he was already bending towards other conquests, gave Edward, in his own eyes, the dignity and importance which he had ceased to consider as his attributes. Rejected, slandered, and threatened upon the one side, he was irresistibly attracted to the cause which the prejudices of education, and the political principles of his family, had already recommended as the most just. These thoughts rushed through his mind like a torrent, sweeping before them every consideration of an opposite tendency, — the time, besides, admitted of no deliberation, — and Waverley, kneeling to Charles Edward, devoted his heart and sword to the vindication of his rights!

The Prince (for although unfortunate in the faults and follies of his forefathers, we shall here, and elsewhere, give him the title due to his birth) raised Waverley from the ground, and embraced him with an expression of thanks too warm not to be genuine. He also thanked Fergus Mac-Ivor repeatedly for having brought him such an adherent, and presented Waverley to the various noblemen, chieftains, and officers who were about his person, as a young gentleman of the highest hopes and prospects, in whose bold and enthusiastic avowal of his



cause they might see an evidence of the sentiments of the English families of rank at this important crisis. Indeed, this was a point much doubted among the adherents of the house of Stuart; and as a well founded disbelief in the co-operation of the English Jacobites kept many Scottish men of rank from his standard, and diminished the courage of those who had joined it, nothing could be more seasonable for the Chevalier than the open declaration in his favour of the representative of the house of Waverley-honour, so long known as cavaliers and royalists. This Fergus had foreseen from the beginning. He really loved Waverley, because their feelings and projects never thwarted each other; he hoped to see him united with Flora, and he rejoiced that they were effectually engaged in the same cause. But, as we before hinted, he also exulted as a politician in beholding secured to his party a partizan of such consequence; and he was far from being insensible to the personal importance which he himself gained with the Prince, from having so materially assisted in making the acquisition.

Charles Edward, on his part, seemed eager to shew his attendants the value which he attached to his new adherent, by entering immediately, as in confidence, upon the circum-



stances of his situation. "You have been secluded so much from intelligence, Mr Waverley, from causes with which I am but indistinctly acquainted that I presume you are even yet unacquainted with the important particulars of my present situation. You have, however, heard of my landing in the remote district of Moidart, with only seven attendants, and of the numerous chiefs and clans whose loyal enthusiasm at once placed a solitary adventurer at the head of a gallant army. You must also, I think, have learned, that the commander-in-chief of the Hanoverian Elector marched into the Highlands at the head of a numerous and well-appointed military force, with the intention of giving us battle, but that his courage failed him when we were within three hours' march of each other, so that he fairly gave us the slip, and marched northward to Aberdeen, leaving the Low Country open and undefended. Not to lose so favourable an opportunity, I marched on to this metropolis, driving before me two regiments of horse, who had threatened to cut to pieces every Highlander that should venture to pass Stirling; and while discussions were carrying forward among the magistracy and citizens whether they should defend themselves or surrender, my good friend Lochiel (laying his hand on the shoulder of that gallant and



accomplished chieftain) saved them the trouble of farther deliberation, by entering the gates with five hundred Camerons. Thus far therefore, we have done well; but, in the meanwhile, this doughty general's nerves being braced by the keen air of Aberdeen, he has taken shipping for Dunbar, and I have just received certain information that he landed there yesterday. His purpose must unquestionably be, to march towards us to recover possession of the capital. Now there are two opinions in my council of war: one, that being inferior probably in numbers, and certainly in discipline and military appointments, not to mention our total want of artillery, and the weakness of our cavalry, it will be safest to fall back towards the mountains, and there protract the war until fresh succours arrive from France, and the whole body of the Highland clans shall have taken arms in our favour. The opposite opinion maintains, that a retrograde movement, in our circumstances, is certain to throw utter discredit on our arms and undertaking; and far from gaining us new partizans, will be the means of disheartening those who have joined our standard. The officers who use these last arguments, among whom is your friend Fergus Mac-Ivor, maintain, that if the Highlanders are strangers to the usual military discipline of



Europe, the soldiers whom they are to encounter are no less strangers to their peculiar and formidable mode of attack; that the attachment and courage of the chiefs and gentlemen is not to be doubted; and that as they will be in the midst of the enemy, their clans-men will as surely follow them; in fine, that having drawn the sword, we should throw away the scabbard, and trust our cause to battle and to the God of Battles. Will Mr Waverley favour us with his opinion in these arduous circumstances? ”

Waverley coloured high betwixt pleasure and modesty at the distinction implied in this question, and answered, with equal spirit and readiness, that he could not venture to offer an opinion as derived from military skill, but that the counsel would be far the most acceptable to him which should first afford him an opportunity to evince his zeal in his Royal Highness's service.

“Spoken like a Waverley!” answered Charles Edward; “and that you may hold a rank in some degree corresponding to your name, allow me, instead of the captain's commission which you have lost, to offer you the brevet rank of major in my service, with the advantage of acting as one of my aids-de-camp until you



can be attached to a regiment, of which I hope several will be speedily embodied."

"Your Royal Highness will forgive me," answered Waverley, for his recollection turned to Balmawhapple and his scanty troop, "if I decline accepting any rank until the time and place where I may have interest enough to raise a sufficient body of men to make my command useful to your Royal Highness's service. In the meanwhile, I hope for your permission to serve as a volunteer under my friend Fergus Mac-Ivor."

"At least," said the Prince, who was obviously pleased with this proposal, "allow me the pleasure of arming you after the Highland fashion." With these words, he unbuckled the broadsword which he wore, the belt of which was plated with silver, and the steel basket-hilt richly and curiously inlaid. "The blade," said the Prince, "is a genuine Andrea Ferrara; it has been a sort of heir-loom in our family; but I am convinced I put it into better hands than my own, and will add to it pistols of the same workmanship. — Colonel Mac-Ivor, you must have much to say to your friend; I will detain you no longer from your private conversation, but remember we expect you both to attend us in the evening. It may be perhaps the last night we may



enjoy in these halls, and as we go to the field with a clear conscience, we will spend the eve of battle merrily."

Thus licensed, the Chief and Waverley left the presence chamber.



## CHAPTER XLI.

*The Mystery begins to be cleared up.*

“How do you like him?” was Fergus’s first question, as they descended the large stone staircase.

“A prince to live and die under!” was Waverley’s enthusiastic answer.

“I knew you would think so when you saw him, and I intended you should have met earlier, but was prevented by your sprain. And yet he has his foibles, or rather he has difficult cards to play, and his Irish officers, who are much about him, are but sorry advisers, — they cannot discriminate among the numerous pretensions that are set up. Would you



think it — I have been obliged for the present to suppress an earl's patent, granted for services rendered ten years ago, for fear of exciting the jealousy, forsooth, of C— and M—. But you were very right, Edward, to refuse the situation of aid-de-camp. There are two vacant indeed, but Clanronald and Lochiel, and almost all of us, have requested one for young Aberchallader, and the Lowlanders and the Irish party are equally desirous to have the other for the Master of F—. Now, if either of these candidates were to be superseded in your favour, you would make enemies. And then I am surprised that the Prince should have offered you a majority, when he knows very well that nothing short of lieutenant-colonel will satisfy others, who cannot bring one hundred and fifty men to the field. But patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards! It is all very well for the present, and we must have you properly equipped for the evening in your new costume; for, to say truth, your outward man is scarce fit for a court."

"Why, my shooting jacket has seen service since we parted; but that, probably, you, my friend, know as well or better than I."

"You do my second-sight too much honour. We were so busy, first with the scheme of giving battle to Cope, and afterwards with our



operations in the Lowlands, that I could only give general directions to such of our people as were left in Perthshire to respect and protect you, should you come in their way. But let me hear the full story of your adventures, for they have reached us in a very partial and mutilated manner."

Waverley then detailed at length the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, to which Fergus listened with great attention. By this time they had reached the door of his quarters, which he had taken up in a small paved court, retiring from the street, at the house of a buxom widow of forty, who seemed to smile very graciously upon the handsome young Chief, being a person with whom good looks and good humour were sure to secure an interest, whatever might be the party's political opinions. Here Callum Beg received them with a smile of recognition. "Callum," said the Chief, "call Shemus an Snaht," (James of the Needle.) This was the hereditary tailor of Vich Ian Vohr. "Shemus, Mr Waverley is to wear the *cath d'ath*, (battle colour or tartan;) his trews must be ready in four hours. You know the measure of a wellmade man: two double nails to the small of the leg" —

„Eleven from haunch to heel, seven round the waist — I give your honour leave to hang



Shemus, if there's a pair of sheers in the Highlands that has a baulder sneck than hers ain at the *cumadh an truais*," (shape of the trews.)  
 „Get a plaid of Mac-Ivor tartan, and sash," continued the Chieftain, „and a blue bonnet of the Prince's pattern, at Mr Mouat's in the Crames. My short green coat, with silver lace, will fit him exactly, and I have never worn it. Tell Ensign Maccombich to pick out a handsome target from among mine. The Prince has given Mr Waverley broad-sword and pistols, I will furnish him with a dirk and purse; add but a pair of low-heeled shoes, and then, my dear Edward, (turning to him) you will be a complete son of Ivor."

These necessary directions given, the Chieftain resumed the subject of Waverley's adventures. „It is plain," he said, „that you have been in the custody of Donald Bean Lean. You must know that when I marched away my clan to join the Prince, I laid my injunctions on that worthy member of society to perform a certain piece of service, which done, he was to join me with all the force he could muster. But instead of doing so, the gentleman, finding the coast clear, thought it better to make war on his own account, and has scoured the country, plundering, I believe, both friend and foe, under pretence of levying *black mail*,



sometimes as if by authority, and sometimes (and be cursed to his consummate impudence) in his own great name! Upon my honour, if I live to see the cairn of Benmore again, I shall be tempted to hang that fellow! Now I recognise his hand particularly in the mode of your rescue from that canting rascal Gilfillan, and I have little doubt that Donald himself played the part of the pedlar on that occasion; but how he should not have plundered you, or put you to ransom, or availed himself in some way or other of your captivity for his own advantage, passes my judgment."

„When and how did you hear of my confinement?" said Waverley.

„The Prince himself told me," said Fergus, „and enquired very minutely into your history. He then mentioned your being at that moment in the power of one of our northern parties — you know I could not ask him to explain particulars — and requested my opinion about disposing of you. I recommended that you should be brought here as a prisoner, because I did not wish to prejudice you farther with the English government, in case you pursued your purpose of going southward. I knew nothing, you must recollect, of the charge brought against you of aiding and abetting high treason, which, I presume, has some share in



changing your original plan. That sullen, good for nothing brute, Balmawhapple, was sent to escort you from Doune, with what he calls his troop of horse. As to his behaviour, in addition to his natural antipathy to every thing that resembles a gentleman, I presume his adventure with Bradwardine rankles in his recollection, the rather that I dare say his mode of telling that story contributed to the evil reports which reached your quondam regiment."

"Very likely," said Waverley; "but now surely, my dear Fergus, you may find time to tell me something of Flora."

"Why, I can only tell you that she is well, and residing for the present with a relation in this city. I thought it better she should come here, as since our success a good many ladies of rank attend our military court; and I assure you, that there is a sort of consequence annexed to the near relative of such a person as Flora Mac-Ivor, and where there is such a jostling of claims and requests a man must use every fair means to enhance his importance."

There was something in this last sentence which grated on Waverley's feelings. He could not bear that Flora should be considered as conducing to her brother's preferment, by the admiration which she must unquestionably at-



tract; and although it was in strict correspondence with many points of Fergus's character, it shocked him as selfish, and unworthy of his sister's high mind and his own independent pride. Fergus, to whom such manoeuvres were familiar, as to one brought up at the French court, did not observe the unfavourable impression which he had unwarily made upon his friend's mind, and concluded by saying, „that they would hardly see Flora before the evening, when she would be at the concert and ball, with which the Prince's party were to be entertained. She and I had a quarrel about her not appearing to take leave of you. I am unwilling to renew it, by soliciting her to receive you this morning; and perhaps my doing so might not only be ineffectual, but prevent your meeting this evening.“

While thus conversing, Waverley heard in the court, before the windows of the parlour, a well-known voice. „I aver to you, my worthy friend,“ said the speaker, „that it is a total dereliction of military discipline; and were you not as it were a *tyro*, your purpose would deserve strong reprobation. For a prisoner of war is on no account to be coerced with fetters, or debinded in *ergastulo*, as would have been the case had you put this gentleman into the pit of the peel-house at



Balmawhapple. I grant, indeed, that such a prisoner may for security be coerced in *carcere*, that is, in a public prison."

The growling voice of Balmawhapple was heard as taking leave in displeasure, but the word „land-louper“ alone was distinctly audible. He had disappeared, before Waverley had reached the court in order to greet the worthy Baron. The uniform in which he was now attired seemed to have added fresh stiffness and rigidity to his tall perpendicular figure; and the consciousness of military command and authority had increased, in the same proportion, the self-importance of his demeanour, and dogmatism of his conversation.

He received Waverley with his usual kindness, and expressed immediate anxiety to hear an explanation of the circumstances attending the loss of his commission in G—'s dragoons; „not," he said, "that he had the least apprehension of his young friend having done aught which could merit such ungenerous treatment as he had received from government, but because it was right and seemly that the Baron of Bradwardine should be, in point of trust and in point of power, fully able to refute all calumnies against the heir of Waverley-Honour,



whom he had so much right to regard as his own son."

Fergus Mac-Ivor, who had now joined them, went hastily over the circumstances of Waverley's story, and concluded with the flattering reception he had met from the young Chevalier. The Baron listened in silence, and at the conclusion shook Waverley heartily by the hand, and congratulated him upon entering the service of his lawful Prince. „For," continued he, although it has been justly held in all nations a matter of scandal and dishonour to infringe the *sacramentum militare*, and that whether it was taken by each soldier singly, whilk the Romans denominated *per conjurationem*, or by one soldier in name of the rest, yet no one ever doubted that the allegiance so sworn was discharged by the *dimissio*, or discharging of a soldier, whose case would be as hard as that of colliers, salters, and other slaves of the soil, were it to be accounted otherwise. This is something like the brocard expressed by the learned Sanchez in his work *De Jure jurando*, which you have questionless consulted upon this occasion. As for those who have calumniated you by leasing-making, I protest to Heaven I think they have justly incurred the penalty of the *Memnonia lex*, also called *Lex*



*Rhemnia*, which is prelected upon by Tullius in his oration *In Verrem*. I should have deemed, however, Mr Waverley, that before destining yourself to any special service in the army of the Prince, ye might have enquired what rank the Baron of Bradwardine held there, and whether he would not have been peculiarly happy to have had your services in the regiment of horse which he is now about to levy."

Edward eluded this reproach by pleading the necessity of giving an immediate answer to the Prince's proposal, and his uncertainty at the moment whether his friend the Baron was with the army, or engaged upon service elsewhere.

This punctilio being settled, Waverley made enquiry after Miss Bradwardine, and was informed she had come to Edinburgh with Flora Mac-Ivor, under guard of a party of the Chieftain's men. This step was indeed necessary, Tully-Veolan having become a very unpleasant, and even dangerous place of residence for an unprotected young lady, on account of its vicinity to the Highlands, and also to one or two large villages, which, from aversion as much to the Caterans as zeal for presbytery, had declared themselves on the side of government,



and formed irregular bodies of partizans, who had frequent skirmishes with the mountaineers, and sometimes attacked the houses of the Jacobite gentry.

„I would propose to you,” continued the Baron, „to walk as far as my quarters in the Luckenbooths, and to admire in your passage the High Street, whilk is, beyond a shadow of dubitation, finer than any street, whether in London or Paris. But Rose, poor thing, is sorely discomposed with the firing of the Castle, though I have proved to her from Blondel and Coehorn, that it is impossible a bullet can reach these buildings; and, besides, I have it in charge from his Royal Highness to go to the camp, or leaguer of our army, to see that the men do *conclamare vasa*, that is truss up their bag and baggage for to-morrow’s march.”

„That will be easily done by most of us,” said Mac-Ivor, laughing.

„Craving your pardon, Colonel Mac-Ivor, not quite so speedily as ye seem to opine. I grant most of your folks left the Highlands, expedited as it were, and free from the incumbrance of baggage; but it is unspeakable the quantity of useless sprechery which they have collected on their march. I saw one



fellow of yours (craving your pardon once more) with a pier-glass upon his back."

„Ay," said Fergus, still in good humour, „he would have told you, if you had questioned him, *a ganging foot is aye getting*. — But, come, my dear Baron, you know as well as I, that a hundred Uhlans, or a single troop of Schmirschitz's Pandours, would make more havoc in a country than the knight of the mirror and all the rest of our clans put together."

„And that is very true likewise," said the Baron; „they are, as the heathen author says, *ferociores in aspectu, mitiores in actu*, of a horrid and grim visage, but more benign in demeanour than their physiognomy or aspect might infer. — But I stand here talking to you two youngsters, when I should be in the King's Park."

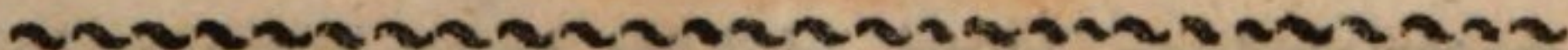
„But you will dine with Waverley and me on your return? I assure you, Baron, though I can live like a Highlander when needs must, I remember my Paris education, and understand perfectly *faire la meilleure chere*."

„And wha the de'il doubts it," quoth the Baron, laughing, „when ye bring only the cookery, and the gude toun must furnish the



materials? — Weel, I have some business in the toun too: But I'll join you at three, if the vivvers can tarry so long." So saying, he took leave of his friends, and went to look after the charge which had been assigned him.





## CHAPTER XLII.

*A Soldier's Dinner.*

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JAMES OF THE NEEDLE was a man of his word, when whisky was no party to the contract; and upon this occasion Callum Beg, who still thought himself in Waverley's debt, since he had declined accepting compensation at the expense of mine Host of the Candlestik's person, took this opportunity of discharging the obligation, by mounting guard over the hereditary tailor of Sliochd nan Ivor; and, as he expressed himself, "targed him tightly" till the finishing of the job. To rid himself of this restraint, Shemus's needle flew through the



tartan like lightning; and as the artist kept chaunting some dreadful skirmish of Fin Mac-coul, he accomplished at least three stitches to the death of every hero. The dress was, therefore, soon ready, for the short coat fitted the wearer, and the rest of the apparel required little adjustment.

Our hero having now fairly assumed the "garb of old Gaul," well calculated as it was to give an appearance of strength to a figure, which, though tall and well-made, was rather elegant than robust, I hope my fair readers will excuse him if he looked at himself in the mirror more than once, and could not help acknowledging that the reflection seemed that of a very handsome young fellow. In fact, there was no disguising it. His light-brown hair, — for he wore no periwig, notwithstanding the universal fashion of the time, — became the bonnet which surmounted it. His person promised firmness and agility, to which the ample folds of the tartan added an air of dignity. His blue eye seemed of that kind,

„Which melted in love, and which kindled in war.“

And an air of bashfulness, which was in reality the effect of want of habitual intercourse



with the world, gave interest to his features, without injuring their grace or intelligence.

„He's a pratty man; a very pratty man," said Evan Dhu (now Ensign Maccombich) to Fergus's buxom landlady.

„He's vera weel," said the Window Flockhart, "but no naething sae weel far'd as your colonel, ensign."

„I was na comparing them," quoth Evan, „nor was I speaking about his being weel-favoured; but only that Mr Waverley looks clean-made and *deliver*, and like a proper lad o' his quarters, that will not cry barley in a brulzie. And, indeed, he's gleg aneuch at the broadsword and target. I hae played wi' him mysel at Glennaquoich, and sae has Vich Ian Vohr, often of a Sunday afternoon,"

„Lord forgie ye, Ensign Maccombich, I'm sure the colonel wad never do the like o' that!"

„Hout! hout! Mrs Flockhart, we're young blude, ye ken; and young saints, auld de'ils.

„But will ye fight wi' Sir John Cope, the morn, Ensign Maccombich?"

„Troth I'se ensure him, an he'll bide us, Mrs Flockhart."

„And will ye face thae tearing chields, the dragoons, Ensign Maccombich?"



„Claw, for claw, as Conan said to Satan, Mrs Flockhart, and the deevil tak the shortest nails.“

„And will the Colonel venture on the baganets himsel?“

„Ye may swear it, Mrs Flockhart; the very first man will he be, by Saint Pheddar.“

„Merciful goodness! and if he's killed amang the red coats!“

„Troth, if it should sae befall, Mrs Flockhart, I ken ane that will no be living to weep for him. But we maun a' live the day, and have our dinner; and there's Vich Ian Vohr has packed his *dorlach*, and Mr Waverley's wearied wi' majoring yonder afore the muckle pier-glass, and that grey auld stoor carle, the Baron o' Bradwardine, that shot young Ronald of Ballankeiroch, he's coming down the close wi' that droghling coghling baillie body they ca' Macwhupple, just like the Laird o' Kittle-gab's French cook, wi' his turnspit doggie trindling ahint him, and I am as hungry as a gled, my bonny dow; sae did Kate set on the broo', and do ye put on your pinnars, for ye ken Vich Ian Vohr winna sit down till ye be at the head o' the table; — and dinna forget the pint bottle o' brandy, my woman.“



This hint produced dinner. Mrs Flockhart, smiling in her weeds like the sun through a mist, took the head of the table, thinking within herself, perhaps, that she cared not how long the rebellion lasted, that brought her into company so much above her usual associates. She was supported by Waverley and the Baron, with the advantage of the Chieftain *vis-a-vis*. The men of peace and of war, that is, Baillie Macwheeble and Ensign Maccombich, after many profound congés to their superiors and each other, took their places on each side of the Chieftain. Their fare was excellent, time, place, and circumstances considered, and Fergus's spirits were extravagantly high. Regardless of danger, and sanguine from temper, youth, and ambition, he saw in imagination all his prospects crowned with success, and was totally indifferent to the probable alternative of a soldier's grave. The Baron apologized slightly for bringing Macwheeble. They had been providing, he said, for the expences of the campaign. „And, by my faith,“ said the old man, „as I think this will be my last, so I just end where I began — I hae evermore found the sinews of war, as a learned author calls the *caisse militaire*, mair difficult to come by than either its flesh, blood, or bones.“



„What, have you raised our only efficient body of cavalry, and got ye none of the lous d'ors out of the Doutelle to help you?“

„No, Glennaquoich; cleverer fellows have been before me.“

„That's a scandal,“ said the young Highlander; „but you will share what is left of my subsidy: It will save you an anxious thought to-night, and be all one to-morrow, for we shall all be provided for one way or other before the sun stets.“ Waverley, blushing deeply, but with great earnestness, pressed the same request. „I thank ye baith, my good lads,“ said the Baron, „but I will not infringe upon your peculium. Baillie Macwheeble has provided the sum which is necessary.“

Here the Baillie shifted, and fidgetted about in his seat, and appeared extremely uneasy. At length, after several preliminary hems, and much tautological expression of his devotion to his honour's service, by night or day, living or dead, he began to insinuate, „that the banks had removed a' their ready cash into the Castle; — that, nae doubt, Sandie Goldie, the silversmith, would do mickle for honour; but there was little time to get the wadset made out; and, doubtless, if his honour Glennaquoich, or Mr Waverley, could accomodate“ —



Let me hear of no such nonsense, sir;" said the Baron, in a tone which rendered Macwheeble mute, „but proceed as we accorded before dinner, if it be your wish to remain in my service."

To this peremptory order the Baillie, though he felt as if condemned to suffer a transfusion of blood from his own veins into those of the Baron, did not presume to make any reply. After fidgetting a little while longer, however, he addressed himself to Glennaquoich, and told him, if his honour had mair ready siller than was sufficient for his occasions in the field, he could put it out at use for his honour in safe hands, and at great profit, at this time. At this proposal Fergus laughed heartily, and answered, when he had recovered his breath, — „Many thanks, Baillie; but you must know it is a general custom among us soldiers to make our landlady our banker. — Here, Mr Flockhart," said he, taking four or five broad pieces out of a well-filled purse, and tossing the purse itself, with its remaining contents, into her apron, „these will serve my occasions; do you take the rest: Be my banker if I live, and my executor if I die; but take care to give something to the Highland cailliachs that shall cry the coronach loudest for the last Vich Ian Vohr."



„It is the *testamentum militare*,“ quoth the Baron, „whilk, amang the Romans, was privilegiate to be nuncupative;“ but the soft heart of Mrs Flockhart was melted within her at the Chieftain’s speech; she set up a lamentable blubbering, and positively refused to touch the bequest, which Fergus was therefore obliged to resume.

„Well, then,“ said the Chief, „if I fall, it will go to the grenadier that knocks my brains out, and I shall take care he works hard for it.“

Baillie Macwheeble was again tempted to put in his oar, for where cash was concerned, he did not willingly remain silent. „Perhaps he had better carry the goud to Miss Mac-Ivor, in case of mortality, or accidents of war. It might tak the form of a *mortis causa* donation in the young leddie’s favour, and wad cost but the scrape of a pen to mak it out.“

„The young lady,“ said Fergus, „should such an event happen, will have other matters to think of than these wretched louis d’ors.“

„True — undeniable — there’s nae doubt o’ that; but your honour kens that a full sorrow“ —

„Is endurable by most folks more easily than a hungry one? — True, Baillie, very

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true; and I believe there may even be some who would be consoled by such a reflection for the loss of the whole existing generation; but there is a sorrow which knows neither hunger nor thirst; and poor Flora" — He paused, and the whole company sympathized in his emotion.

The Baron's thoughts naturally reverted to the unprotected state of his daughter, and the big tear came to the veteran's eye. „If I fall, Macwheeble, you have all my papers, and know all my affairs; be just to Rose.“

The Baillie was a man of earthly mould after all; a good deal of dirt and dross about him undoubtedly, but some kindly and just feelings he had, especially where the Baron or his young mistress were concerned. He set up a lamentable howl. „If that doleful day should come, while Duncan Macwheeble had a boddle, it should be Miss Rose's. He wad scroll for a plack the sheet, or she ken'd what it was to want; if indeed a' the bonnie baronie o' Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, with the fortalice and manor-place thereof (he kept sobbing and whining at every pause) tofts, crofts, mosses, muirs — outfield, infield — buildings — orchards — dove-cots — with the rights of net and coble in the water and loch of Veolan — tiends, parsonage and vica-



rage — annexis, connexis — rights of pasturage — fuel, feal, and divot — parts, pendicles, and pertinentents whatsoever — (here he had recourse to the end of his long cravat to wipe his eyes, which overflowed, in spite of him, at the ideas this technical jargon conjured up) — all as more fully described in the proper evidents and titles thereof — and lying within the parish of Bradwardine and the shire of Perth — if, as aforesaid, they must a' pass from my master's child to Inch-Grabbit, wha's a whig and a Hanoverian, and be managed by his doer, Jamie Howie, wha's no fit to be a birlieman, let be a baillie." —

The beginning of this lamentation really had something affecting, but the conclusion rendered laughter irresistible. „Never mind, Baillie," said Ensign Maccombich, „for the gude auld times of rugging and riving (pulling and tearing) are come back again, an' Sneckus Mac-Snackus, and a' the rest of your friends, maun gie place to the langest claymore."

„And that claymore shall be ours, Baillie," said the Chieftain, who saw that Macwheeble looked very blank at this intimation.

„We'll give them the metal cur mountain  
affords,  
Lillibulcro, bullen a la,



And in place of broad pieces, we'll pay with  
broad-swords,

Lero, lero, etc.

With duns and with debts we will soon  
clear our score,

Lillibulero, etc.

For the man that's thus paid will crave  
payment no more,

Lero, lero," etc.

„But come, Baillie, be not cast down;  
drink your wine with a joyous heart; the  
Baron shall return safe and victorious to Tul-  
ly-Veolan, and unite Killancureit's lairdship  
with his own, since the cowardly halfbred  
swine will not turn out for the Prince like a  
gentleman.“

„To be sure, they lie maist ewest," said  
the Baillie, wiping his eyes, "and should na-  
turally fa' under the same factory.“

„And I," proceeded the Chieftain, „shall  
take care of myself, too; for you must know  
I have to complete a good work here, by  
bringing Mrs Flockhart into the bosom of the  
Catholic church, or at least half way, and  
that is to your episcopal meeting-house. O  
Baron! if you heard her fine counter-tenor ad-  
monishing Kate and Matty in the morning,  
you, who understand music, would tremble at



the idea of hearing her shriek in the psalmody of Haddo's Hole."

„Lord forgie you, Colonel, how ye rin on! But I hope your honours will tak tea before ye gang to the palace, and I maun gang and mask it for you."

So saying, Mrs Flockhart left the gentleman to their own conversation, which as might be supposed, turned chiefly upon the approaching events of the campaign.



  
**CHAPTER XLIII.*****The Ball.***  


ENSIGN MACCOMBICH having gone to the Highland camp upon duty, and Baillie Macwheeble having retired to digest his dinner, and Evan Dhu's intimation of martial law, in some blind change-house, Waverley, with the Baron and the Chieftain, proceeded to Holyrood-House. The two last were in full tide of spirits, and the Baron rallied in his way our hero upon the handsome figure which his new dress displayed to advantage, "If you have any design upon the heart of a bonny Scottish lassie, I would premonish you, when you address her, to remember the words of Virgilius:



'Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in  
armis,  
Tela inter media atque adversos detinet  
hostes.'

Whilk verses Robertson of Struan, Chief of the Clan Donnochy, (unless the claims of Lude ought to be preferred *primo loco*,) has thus elegantly rendered:

'For cruel love has gartan'd low my leg,  
And clad my hurdies in a philabeg.'

Although indeed ye wear the trews, a garment whilk I approve maist of the twa, as mair ancient and seemly."

"Or rather," said Fergus, "hear my song.

'She wadna hae a Lowland laird,  
Nor be an English lady;  
But she's away with Duncan Graeme,  
And he's rowed her in his plaidy.'"

By this time they reached the palace of Holyrood, and were announced respectively as they entered the apartments.

It is but too well known how many gentlemen of rank, education, and fortune, took



a concern in the ill-fated and desperate undertaking of 1745. The ladies also of Scotland very generally espoused the cause of the gallant and handsome young Prince, who threw himself upon the mercy of his countrymen, rather like a hero of romance than a calculating politician. It is not therefore to be wondered that Edward, who had spent the greater part of his life in the solemn seclusion of Waverley-Honour, should have been dazzled at the liveliness and elegance of the scene now exhibited in the long-deserted halls of the Scottish palace. The accompaniments, indeed, fell short of splendour, being such as the confusion and hurry of the time admitted; still however, the general effect was striking, and, the rank of the company considered, might well be called brilliant.

It was not long before the lover's eye discovered the object of his attachment. Flora Mac-Ivor was in the act of returning to her seat, near the top of the room, with Rose Bradwardine by her side. Among much elegance and beauty, they had attracted a great degree of the public attention, being certainly two of the handsomest women present. The Prince took much notice of both, particularly of Flora, with whom he danced; a preference



which she probably owed to her foreign education, and command of the French and Italian languages.

When the bustle attending the conclusion of the dance permitted, Edward, almost intuitively, followed Fergus to the place where Miss Mac-Ivor was seated. The sensation of hope, with which he had nursed his affection in absence of the beloved object, seemed to vanish in her presence, and, like one striving to recover the particulars of a forgotten dream, he would have given the world at that moment to have recollected the grounds on which he had founded expectations which now seemed so delusive. He accompanied Fergus with downcast eyes, tingling ears, and the sensation of a criminal, who, while he moves slowly through the crowds that have assembled to behold his execution, receives no clear sensation either from the noise which fills his ears, or the tumult on which he casts his wandering look.

Flora seemed a little — a very little — affected and discomposed at his approach. “I bring you an adopted son of Ivor,” said Fergus.

“And I receive him as a second brother,” replied Flora.



There was a slight emphasis on the word, which would have escaped every ear but one that was feverish with apprehension. It was however distinctly marked, and, combined with her whole tone and manner, plainly intimated, "I will never think of Mr Waverley as a more intimate connection." Edward stopped, bowed, and looked at Fergus, who bit his lip; a movement of anger, which proved that he also put a sinister interpretation on the reception which his sister had extended his friend. "This, then, is an end of my day-dream!" Such was Waverley's first thought, and it was so exquisitely painful as to banish from his cheek every drop of blood.

"Good God!" said Rose Bradwardine, "he is not yet recovered!"

These words, which she uttered with great emotion, were overheard by the Chevalier himself, who stepped hastily forward, and, taking Waverley by the hand, enquired kindly after his health, and added, that he wished to speak with him. By a strong and sudden effort, which the circumstances rendered indispensable, Waverley recovered himself so far as to follow the Chevalier in silence to a sort of recess in the apartment.



Here the prince detained him for some time, asking various questions about the great tory and catholic families of England, their connections, their influence, and the state of their affections towards the house of Stuart. To these queries Edward could not at any time have given more than general answers, and it may be supposed that, in the present state of his feelings, his reponses were indistinct even to confusion. The Chevalier smiled once or twice at the incongruity of his replies. but continued the same style of conversation, although he found himself obliged to occupy the principal share of it, until he perceived that Waverley had recovered his presence of mind. It is probable that this long audience was partly meant to further the idea which the Prince desired should be entertained among his followers, that Waverley was a character of political influence. But it appeared from his concluding expressions, that he had a different and good-natured motive, personal to our hero, for prolonging the conference. "I cannot resist the temptation," he said, "of boasting of my own discretion as a lady's confidant. You see, Mr Waverley, that I know all, and I assure you I am deeply interested in the affair. But, my good young friend, you must put a more severe restraint upon your



feelings. There are many here whose eyes can see as clearly as mine, but the prudence of whose tongues may not be equally trusted."

So saying, he turned easily away, and joined a circle of officers at a few paces distance, leaving Waverley to meditate upon his parting expression, which, though not intelligible to him in its whole purport, was sufficiently so in the caution which the last words recommended. Making therefore an effort to shew himself worthy of the interest which his new master had expressed, by instant obedience to his recommendation, he walked up to the spot where Flora and Miss Bradwardine were still seated, and having made his compliments to the latter, he succeeded, even beyond his own expectation, in entering into conversation upon general topics.

If, my dear reader, thou hast ever happened to take post-horses at —, or at —, (one at least of which blanks, or more probably both, you will be able to fill up from an inn near your own residence,) you must have observed, and doubtless with sympathetic pain, the reluctant agony with which the poor jades at first apply their galled necks to the collars of the harness. But when the irre-



sistible arguments of the post-boy have prevailed upon them to proceed a mile or two, they will become callous to the first sensation; and being *warm in the harness*, as the said post-boy may term it, proceed as if their withers were altogether unwrung. This simile so much corresponds with the state of Waverley's feelings in the course of this memorable evening, that I prefer it (especially as being, I trust, wholly original) to any more splendid illustration, with which Byshe's Art of Poetry might supply me.

Exertion, like virtue, is its own reward; and our hero had, moreover, other stimulating motives for persevering in a display of affected composure and indifference to Flora's obvious unkindness. Pride, which applies its caustic as an useful, though severe, remedy for the wounds of affection, came rapidly to his aid. Distinguished by the favour of a Prince; destined, he had room to hope, to play a conspicuous part in the revolution which awaited a mighty kingdom; excelling probably in mental acquirements, and equalling at least in personal accomplishments, most of the noble and distinguished persons with whom he was now ranked; young, wealthy, and high born, — could he, or ought he, to droop beneath the frown of a capricious beauty?



“O nymph, unrelenting and cold as thou  
 art,  
 My bosom is proud as thine own.”

With the feeling expressed in these beautiful lines, which however were not then written,) Waverley determined upon convincing Flora that he was not to be depressed by a rejection, in which his vanity whispered that perhaps she did her own prospects as much injustice as his. And, to aid this change of feeling, there lurked the secret and unacknowledged hope, that she might learn to prize his affection more highly when she did not conceive it to be altogether within her own choice to attract or repulse it. There was a mystic tone of encouragement also in the Chevalier's words, though he feared they only referred to the wishes of Fergus in favour of an union between him and his sister. But the whole circumstances of time, place, and incident, combined at once to awaken his imagination, and to call upon him for a manly and decisive tone of conduct, leaving to fate to dispose of the issue. Should he appear to be the only one sad and disheartened on the eve of battle, how greedily would the tale be commented upon by the slander which had been already but too busy with his fame? Never, never, he



internally resolved, shall my unprovoked enemies possess such an advantage over my reputation.

Under the influence of these mixed sensations, and cheered at times by a smile of intelligence and approbation from the Prince as he passed the group, Waverley exerted his powers of fancy, animation, and eloquence, and attracted the general admiration of the company. The conversation gradually assumed the tone best qualified for the display of his talents and acquisitions. The gaiety of the evening was exalted in character, rather than checked, by the approaching dangers of the morrow. All nerves were strung for the future, and prepared to enjoy the present. This mood of mind is highly favourable for the exercise of the powers of imagination, for poetry, and for that eloquence which is allied to poetry. Waverley, as we have elsewhere observed, possessed at times a wonderful flow of rhetoric; and, on the present occasion, he touched more than once the higher notes of feeling, and then again ran off in a wild voluntary of fanciful mirth. He was supported and excited by kindred spirits, who felt the same impulse of mood and time; and even those of more cold and calculating habits were



hurried along by the torrent. Many ladies declined the dance, which still went forward, and, under various pretences, joined the party to which the "handsome young Englishman" seemed to have attached himself. He was presented to several of the first rank, and his manners, which for the present were altogether free from the bashful restraint by which, in a moment of less excitement, they were usually clouded, gave universal delight.

Flora Mac-Ivor appeared to be the only female present who regarded him with a degree of coldness and reserve; yet even she could not suppress a sort of wonder at talents, which, in the course of their acquaintance, she had never seen displayed with equal brilliancy and impressive effect. I do not know whether she might not feel a momentary regret at having taken so decisive a resolution upon the addresses of a lover who seemed fitted so well to fill a high place in the highest stations of society. Certainly she had hitherto accounted among the incurable deficiencies of Edward's disposition, the *mauvaise honte*, which, as she had been educated in the first foreign circles, and was little acquainted with the shyness of English manners, was, in her opinion, too nearly related to timidity and imbecility of



disposition. But if a passing wish occurred that Waverley could have rendered himself uniformly thus amiable and attractive, its influence was momentary; for circumstances had arisen since they met, which rendered, in her eyes, the resolution she had formed respecting his addresses, final and irrevocable.

With opposite feelings, Rose Bradwardine bent her whole soul to listen. She felt a secret triumph at the public tribute paid to one, whose merit she had learned to prize too early and too fondly. Without a thought of jealousy, without a feeling of fear, pain, or doubt, and undisturbed by a single selfish consideration, she resigned herself to the pleasure of observing the general murmur of applause. When Waverley spoke, her ear was exclusively filled with his voice; when others answered, her eye took its turn of observation, and seemed to watch his reply. Perhaps the delight which she experienced in the course of that evening, though transient, and followed by much sorrow, was in its nature the most pure and disinterested which the human mind is capable of enjoying.

“Baron,” said the Chevalier, “I would not trust my mistress in the company of your young  
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friend. He is really, though somewhat romantic, one of the most fascinating young men whom I have ever seen."

"And by my honour, sir," said the Baron, "the lad can sometimes be as dowff as a sexagenary like myself. If your Royal Highness had seen him dreaming and dozing about the banks of Tully-Veolan like an hypochondriac person, or, as Burton's *Anatomia* hath it, a phrenesiatic or lethargic patient, you would wonder where he hath sae suddenly acquired all this fine sprack festivity and jocularity."

"Truly," said Fergus Mac-Ivor, "I think it can only be the inspiration of the tartans; for though Waverley be always a man of sense and honour, I have hitherto often found him a very absent and inattentive companion."

"We are the more obliged to him," said the Chevalier, "for having reserved for this evening qualities which even such intimate friends had not discovered. — But come, gentlemen, the night advances, and the business of to morrow must be early thought upon. Each take charge of his fair partner, and honour a small refreshment with your company."



He led the way to another suite of apartments, and assumed the seat and canopy at the head of a long range of tables, with an air of dignity mingled with courtesy, which well became his high birth and lofty pretensions. An hour had hardly flown away when the musicians played the signal for parting, so well known in Scotland.

“Good night then,” said the Chevalier, rising; “Good night, and joy be with you! — Good night, fair ladies, who have so highly honoured a proscribed and banished Prince. — Good night, my brave friends; may the happiness we have this evening experienced be an omen of our return to these our paternal halls, speedily and in triumph; and of many and many future meetings of mirth and pleasure in the palace of Holy-Rood!”

When the Baron of Bradwardine afterwards mentioned this adieu of Chevalier, he never failed to repeat, in a melancholy tone,

“Audiit, et voti Phœbus succedere par-  
tem  
Mente dedit; partem volucres dispersit in  
auras;”



«which,» as he added, «is weel rendered into  
English metre by my friend Bangour;

‘Ae half the prayer wi’ Phœbus grace did  
find,  
The t’other half he whistled down the  
wind.’»



## CHAPTER XLIV.

### *The March.*

THE conflicting passions and exhausted feelings of Waverley had resigned him to late but sound repose. He was dreaming of Glennaquoich, and had transferred to the halls of Ian nan Chaistel the festal train which so lately graced those of Holy-Rood. The pibroch too was distinctly heard; and this at least was no delusion, for the „proud step of the chief piper“ of the „chlain Mac-Ivor“ was perambulating the court before the door of his Chieftain's quarters, and as Mrs Flockhart, apparently no friend to his minstrelsy, was pleased to



observe, „garring the very stane and lime wa's dinnle wi' his screeching.“ Of course it soon became too powerful for Waverley's dream, with which it had at first rather harmonized.

The sound of Callum's brogues in his apartment, (for Mac-Ivor had again assigned Waverley to his care) was the next note of parting. „Winna yere honour hang up? Vich Ian Vohr and ta Prince are awa' to the lang green glen ahint the clachan, at they ca' King's Park, and mony ane's on his ain shanks the day that will be carried on ither folks ere night.“

Waverley sprung up, and, with Callum's assistance and instructions, adjusted his tartans in proper costume. Callum told him also, „tat his leather dorloch wi' the lock on her was come frae Doune, and she was awa again in the wain wi' Vich Ian Vohr's walise.“

By this periphrasis Waverley readily apprehended his portmanteau was intended. He thought upon the mysterious packet of the maid of the cavern, which seemed always to escape him when within his very grasp. But this was no time for indulgence of curiosity; and having declined Mrs Flockhart's compliment of a *morning*, i. e. a matutinal dram, being probably the only man in the Chevalier's army



by whom such a courtesy would have been rejected, he made his adieus, and departed with Callum.

„Callum,” said he, as they proceeded down a dirty close to gain the southern skirts of the Canongate, „what shall I do for a horse?”

„Ta de’il ane ye maun think o’,” said Callum. „Vich Ian Vohr’s marching on foot at the head o’ his kin, (not to say the Prince, wha does the like,) wi’ his target on his shoulder, and ye maun e’en be neighbour like.”

„And so I will, Callum, — give me my target; — so, there we are fixed. How does it look?”

„Like the Bra’ Highlander at’s painted on the board afore the mickle changehouse they ca’ Luckie Middlemass’s,” answered Callum; meaning, I must observe, a high compliment, for, in his opinion, Luckie Middlemass’s sign was an exquisite specimen of art. Waverley, however, not feeling the full force of this polite simile, asked him no farther questions.

Upon extricating themselves from the mean and dirty suburbs of the metropolis, and emerging into the open air, Waverley felt a renewal both of health and spirits, and turned



his recollection with firmness upon the events of the preceding evening, and with hope and resolution towards those of the approaching day.

When he had surmounted a small craggy eminence, called St Leonard's Hill, the King's Park, or the hollow between the mountain of Arthur's seat, and the rising grounds on which the southern part of Edinburgh is now built, lay beneath him, and displayed a singular and animating prospect. It was occupied by the army of the Highlanders, now in the act of preparing for their march. Waverley had already seen something of the kind at the hunting-mach which he attended with Fergus Mac-Ivor; but this was on a scale of much greater magnitude, and incomparably deeper interest. The rocks, which formed the back-ground of the scene, and the very sky itself, rung with the clang of the bagpipers, summoning forth, each with his appropriate pibroch, his chieftain and clan. The mountaineers, rousing themselves from their couch under the canopy of heaven, with the hum and bustle of a confused and irregular multitude, like bees alarmed and arming in their hives, seemed to possess all the pliability of movement fitted to execute military manoeuvres. Their motions appeared spontaneous and confused, but the



result was order and regularity ; so that a general must have praised the conclusion, though a martinet might have ridiculed the method by which it was attained.

The sort of complicated medley created by the hasty arrangement of the various clans under their respective banners, for the purpose of getting into the order of march, was in itself a gay and lively spectacle. They had no tents to strike, having generally, and by choice, slept upon the open field, although the autumn was now waning, and the nights beginning to be frosty. After forming for a little while, there was exhibited a changing, fluctuating, and confused appearance of waving tartans and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud gathering word of Clanronald, *Ganion Coheriga* — (gainsay who dares;) *Loch-Sloy* — *Forth, fortune, and fill the fetters*, the motto of the Marquis of Tullibardine; *Bydand*, that of Lord Lewis Gordon; and the appropriate signal words and emblems of many other chieftains and clans.

At length the mixed and wavering multitude arranged themselves into a narrow and dusky column of great length, stretching through the whole extent of the valley. In the front of



the column the standart of the Chevalier was displayed, bearing a red cross upon a white ground, with the motto *Tandem Triumphans*. The few cavalry, being chiefly Lowland gentry, with their domestic servants and retainers, formed the advanced guard of the army, and their standards, of which they had rather too many in respect of their numbers, were seen waving upon the extreme verge of the horizon. Many members of this body, among whom Waverley accidentally remarked Balnawhapple, and his lieutenant, Jinker, (which last, however, had been reduced, with several others, by the advice of the Baron of Bradwardine, to the situation of what he called reformed officers, or reformadoes,) added to the liveliness, though by no means to the regularity, of the scene, by galloping their horses as fast forward as the press would permit, to join their proper station in the van. The fascinations of the Circes of the High Street, and the potations of strength with which they had been drenched over night, had probably detained these heroes within the walls of Edinburgh somewhat later than was consistent with their morning duty. Of such loiterers, the prudent took the longer and circuitous, but more open route, to attain their place in the march, by keeping at some distance from the infantry, and making their way



through the inclosures to the right, at the expence of leaping over or pulling down the dry stone fences. The irregular appearance and vanishing of these small parties, as well as the confusion occasioned by those who endeavoured, though generally without effect, to press to the front through the crowd of Highlanders, maugre their curses, oaths, and opposition, added to the picturesque wildness, what it took from the military regularity of the scene.

While Waverley gazed upon this remarkable spectacle, rendered yet more impressive by the occasional discharge of cannon shot from the Castle at the Highland guards as they were withdrawn from its vicinity to join their main body, Callum, with his usual freedom of interference, reminded him that Vich Ian Vohr's folk were nearly at the head of the column of march, which was still distant, and that, "they would gang very fast after the cannon fired." Thus admonished, Waverley walked briskly forward, yet often casting a glance upon the darksome clouds of warriors who were collected before and beneath him. A nearer view, indeed, rather diminished the effect impressed on the mind by the more distant appearance of the army. The leading men of each clan were well armed with broadsword, target, and



fusee, to which all added the dirk, and most the steel pistol. But these consisted of gentlemen, that is, relations of the chief, however distant, and who had an immediate title to his countenance and protection. Finer and hardier men than these could not have been selected out of any army in Christendom; and the free and independent habits which each possessed, and which each was yet so well taught to subject to the command of his chief, and the peculiar mode of discipline adopted in Highland warfare, rendered them equally formidable by their individual courage and high spirit, and from their rational conviction of the necessity of acting in unison, and of giving their national mode of attack the fullest opportunity of success.

But, in a lower rank to these, there were found individuals of an inferior description, the peasantry of the country, who, although they did not allow themselves to be so called, and claimed often, with apparent truth, to be of more ancient descent than the masters whom they served, bore, nevertheless, the livery of extreme penury, being indifferently accoutred, and worse armed, half naked, stunted in growth, and miserable in aspect. Each important clan had some of these Helots attached to them;—



thus the M'Couls, though tracing their descent from Comhal, the father of Finn or Fingal, were a sort of Gibeonites, or hereditary servants, to the Stuarts of Appine. The Macbeaths, descended from the unhappy monarch of that name, were subjects to the Morays, and clan Donnochy, or Robertsons of Athole; and many other examples might be given, but for hurting any pride of clanship which may yet be left, and thereby drawing a highland tempest into the shop of my publisher. Now these same Helots, though forced into the field by the arbitrary authority of the chieftains under whom they hewed wood and drew water, were in general, very sparingly fed, ill dressed, and worse armed. The latter circumstance was indeed owing chiefly to the general disarming act, which had been carried into effect ostensibly through the whole Highlands, although most of the chieftains contrived to elude its influence by retaining the weapons of their own immediate clansmen, and delivering up those of less value which they collected from these inferior satellites. It followed, as a matter of course, that, as we have already hinted, many of these poor fellows were brought to the field in a very wretched condition.

From this it happened, that, in bodies, the van of which were admirably well-armed in



their own fashion, the rear resembled actual banditti. Here was a pole-axe, there a sword without a scabbard; here a gun without a lock, there a scythe set straight upon a pole; and some had only their dirks, and bludgeons or stakes pulled out of hedges. The grim, uncombed, and wild appearance of these men, most of whom gazed with all the admiration of ignorance upon the most ordinary productions of domestic art, created surprise in the Lowlands, but it also created terror. So little was the condition of the Highlands known at that late period, that the character and appearance of their population, while thus sallying forth as military adventurers, conveyed to the south-country Lowlanders as much surprise as if an invasion of African negroes, or Esquimaux Indians, had issued forth from the northern mountains of their own native country. It cannot therefore be wondered if Waverley, who had hitherto judged of the Highlanders generally, from the samples which the policy of Fergus had from time to time exhibited, should have felt damped and astonished at the daring attempt of a body not then exceeding four thousand men, and of whom not above half the number, at the utmost, were armed, to change the fate, and alter the dynasty, of the British kingdoms.



As he moved along the column, which still remained stationary, an iron gun, the only piece of artillery possessed by the army which meditated so important a revolution, was fired as the signal of march. The Chevalier had expressed a wish to leave this useless piece of ordnance behind him; but, to his surprise, the Highland chiefs interposed to solicit that it might accompany their march, pleading the prejudices of their followers, who, little accustomed to artillery, attached a degree of absurd importance to this field-piece, and expected it would contribute essentially to a victory which they could only owe to their own muskets and broad-swords. Two or three French artillerymen were therefore appointed to the management of this military engine, which was drawn along by a string of Highland ponies, and was, after all, only used for the purpose of firing signals.

No sooner was its voice heard upon the present occasion, than the whole line was in motion. A wild cry of joy from the advancing battallions rent the air, and was then lost in the shrill clangour of the bagpipes, as the sound of these, in their turn, was partially drowned by the heavy tread of so many men put at once into motion. The banners glittered



and shook as they moved forward, and the horse hastened to occupy their station as the advanced guard, and to push on reconnoitring parties to ascertain and report the motions of the enemy. They vanished from Waverley's eye as they wheeled round the basis of Arthur's Seat, under the remarkable ridge of basaltic rocks which fronts the little of Duddingston.

The infantry followed in the same direction, regulating their pace by another body which occupied a road more to the southward. It cost Edward some exertion of activity to attain the place which Fergus's followers occupied in the line of march.

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CHAPTER XLV.

An Incident gives rise to unavailing Reflections.

WHEN Waverley reached that part of the column which was filled by the clan of Mac-Ivor, they halted, formed, and received him with a triumphant flourish upon the bagpipes, and a loud shout of the men, most of whom knew him personally, and were delighted to see him in the dress of their country and of their sept. "You shout," said a Highlander of a neighbouring clan to Evan Dhu, "as if the Chieftain were just come to your head."

"*Mar e Bran is e brathair*, If it be not Bran, it is Bran's brother," was the proverbial reply of Maccombich.

XXX.

I

«O, then, it is the handsome Sassenach Duinhé - Wassal, that is to be married to Lady Flora?»

«That may be, or it may not be, and it is neither your matter nor mine, Gregor.»

Fergus advanced to embrace the volunteer, and afford him a warm and hearty welcome; but he thought it necessary to apologize for the diminished numbers of his battalion, (which did not exceed three hundred men) by observing, he had sent a good many out upon parties. The fact was, that the defection of Donald Bean Lean had deprived him of at least thirty hardy fellows, whose services he had fully reckoned upon, and many of his occasional adherents had been recalled by their several chiefs to the standards to which they most properly owed their allegiance. The rival chief of the great northern branch also of his own clan, had mustered his people, although he had not yet declared either for the government or for the Chevalier, and by his intrigues had in some degree diminished the force with which Fergus took the field. To make amends for these disappointments, it was universally admitted that the followers of Vich Ian Vohr, in point of appearance, equipment,

arms, and dexterity in using them, equalled the most choice troops that followed the standard of Charles Edward. Old Ballenkeiroch acted as his major; and, with the other officers who had known Waverley when at Glennaquoich, gave our hero a cordial reception, as the sharer of their future dangers and expected honours.

The route pursued by the Highland army after leaving the village of Duddingston, was, for some time, the common post-road betwixt Edinburgh and Haddington, until they crossed the Esk, at Musselburgh, when, instead of keeping the low grounds towards the sea, they turned more inland, and occupied the brow of the eminence called Carberry Hill, a place already distinguished in Scottish history as the spot where the lovely Mary surrendered herself to her insurgent subjects. This direction was chosen because the Chevalier had received notice that the army of the government had quartered the night before to the west of Haddington, with the intention of falling down towards the sea-side, and approaching Edinburgh by the lower coast-road. By keeping the height, which overhung that road in many places, it was hoped the Highlanders might find an opportunity of attacking them to ad-

vantage. The army therefore halted upon the ridge of Carberry-Hill, both to refresh the soldiers, and as a central situation, from which their march could be directed to any point that the motions of the enemy might render most advisable. While they remained in this position, a messenger came in haste to desire Mac-Ivor to come to the Prince, and added, that their advanced-post had had a skirmish with some of the enemy's cavalry, and that the Baron of Bradwardine had sent in a few prisoners.

Waverley walked forward out of the line to satisfy his curiosity, and soon observed five or six of the troopers, who, covered with dust, had galloped in to announce that the enemy were in full march westward along the coast. Passing still a little farther on, he was struck with a groan which issued from a hovel. He approached the spot, and heard a voice, in the provincial English of his native county, which endeavoured, though frequently interrupted by pain, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. The voice of distress always found a ready answer in our hero's bosom. He entered the hovel, which seemed to be intended for what is called, in the pastoral counties of Scotland, a *smearing-house*; and in its obscurity Edward could only

at first discern a sort of red bundle; for those who had stripped the wounded man of his arms, and part of his clothes, had left him the dragoon-cloak in which he was enveloped.

“For the sake of God,” said the wounded man, as he heard Waverley’s step, “give me a single drop of water!”

“You shall have it,” answered Waverley, at the same time raising him in his arms, bearing him to the door of the hut, and giving him some drink from his flask.

“I should know that voice,” answered the man; but, looking on Waverley’s dress with a bewildered look, — “no, this is not the young squire.”

This was the common phrase by which Edward was distinguished on the estate of Waverley-Honour, and the sound now thrilled to his heart with the thousand recollections which the well-known accents of his native country had already contributed to awaken. “Houghton!” he said, gazing on the ghastly features which death was fast disfiguring, “can this be you?”

“I never thought to hear an English voice again,” said the wounded man; “they left me to live or die here as I could, when they found

I could say nothing about the strength of the regiment. But, O! squire, how could you stay from us so long, and let us be tempted by that fiend of the pit, Ruffin? — we should have followed you through flood and fire, to be sure.”

“Ruffin! I assure you, Houghton, you have been vilely imposed upon.”

“I often thought so,” said Houghton, “though they shewed us your very seal; and so Timms was shot, and I was reduced to the ranks.”

“Do not exhaust your strength in speaking,” said Edward; “I will get you a surgeon presently.”

He saw Mac-Ivor approaching, who was now returning from head quarters, where he had attended a council of war, and hastened to meet him. “Brave news!” shouted the Chief; “we shall be at it in less than two hours. The Prince has put himself at the head of the advance; and, as he drew his sword, called out, ‘My friends, I have thrown away the scabbard.’ Come, Waverley, we move instantly.”

“A moment, — a moment; this poor prisoner is dying; — where shall I find a surgeon?”

“Why, where should you? We have none, you know, but two or three French fellows,

who, I believe, are little better than garçons apothecaires."

"But the man will bleed to death."

"Poor fellow! But it will be a thousand men's fate before night, so come along."

"I cannot; I tell you he is a son of a tenant of my uncle's"

"O, if he's a follower of yours, he must be looked to; I'll send Callum to you; but diaoul! — ceade millia molligheart," continued the impatient Chieftain, — "what made an old soldier, like Bradwardine, send dying men here to cumber us?"

Callum came with his usual altness; and, indeed, Waverley rather gained than lost in the opinion of the Highlanders, by his anxiety about the wounded man. They would not have understood the general philanthropy, which rendered it almost impossible for Waverley to have past any person in such distress; but, as apprehending that the sufferer was one of his *following*, they unanimously allowed that Waverley's conduct was that of a kind and considerate chieftain, who merited the attachment of his people. In about a quarter of an hour poor Humphrey breathed his last, praying his

young master, when he returned to Waverley Honour, to be kind to old Job Houghton and his dame, and conjuring him not to fight with these wild petticoat-men against old England.

When his last breath was drawn, Waverley, who had beheld with sincere sorrow, and no slight tinge of remorse, the final agonies of mortality, now witnessed for the first time, commanded Callum to remove the body into the hut. This the young Highlander performed, not without examining the pockets of the defunct, which however, he remarked, had been pretty well spunged. He took the cloak, however, and proceeding with the provident caution of a spaniel hiding a bone, concealed it among some furze, and carefully marked the spot, observing, that if he chanced to return that way, it would be an excellent rokelay for his auld mother Elspat.

It was by a considerable exertion that they regained their place in the marching column, which was now moving rapidly forward to occupy the high grounds above the village of Tranent, between which and the sea lay the purposed march of the opposite army.

This melancholy interview with his late serjeant forced many unavailing and painful

reflections upon Waverley's mind. It was clear, from the confession of the man, that Colonel G——'s proceedings had been strictly warranted, and even rendered indispensable, by the steps taken in Edward's name to induce the soldiers of his troop to mutiny. The circumstance of the seal, he now, for the first time, recollected, and that he had lost it in the cavern of the robber, Bean Lean. That the artful villain had secured it, and used it as the means of carrying on an intrigue in the regiment for his own purposes, was sufficiently evident; and Edward had now little doubt that in the packet placed in his portmanteau by his daughter, he should find farther light upon his proceedings. In the meanwhile, the repeated expostulation of Houghton, — « Ah, squire, why did you leave us?» rung like a knell in his ears.

« Yes, » said he, « I have indeed acted towards you with thoughtless cruelty. I brought you from your paternal fields, and the protection of a generous and kind landlord, and when I had subjected you to all the rigour of military discipline, I shunned to bear my own share of the burthen, and wandered from the duties I had undertaken, leaving alike those whom it was my business to protect, and my

own reputation, to suffer under the artifices of villany. O, indolence and indecision of mind! if not in yourselves vices, to how much exquisite misery do you frequently prepare the way!

CHAPTER XLVI.

The Eve of Battle.

ALTHOUGH the Highlanders marched on very fast, the sun was declining when they arrived upon the brow of those high grounds which command an open and extensive plain stretching northwards to the sea, on which are situated, but at a considerable distance from each other, the small villages of Seaton and Cockenzie, and the larger one of Preston. The low coast-road to Edinburgh passed through this plain, issuing upon it from the inclosures of Seaton-house, and at the town or village of Preston again entering the defiles of an inclosed country. By this way the English general had chosen to approach the metropolis, both as most com-

modious for his cavalry, and being probably of opinion that by doing so, he would meet in front with the Highlanders advancing from Edinburgh in the opposite direction. In this he was mistaken; for the sound judgment of the Chevalier, or of those to whose advice he listened, left the direct passage free, but occupied the strong ground by which it was overlooked and commanded.

When the Highlanders reached the heights commanding the plain described, they were immediately formed in array of battle along the brow of the hill. Almost at the same instant the van of the English appeared issuing from among the trees and inclosures of Seaton, with the purpose of occupying the level between the high ground and the sea. The space which divided the armies being only about half a mile in breadth, Waverley could plainly see the squadrons of dragoons issue, one after another, from the defiles, with their videttes in front, and form upon the plain, with their front opposed to that of the Prince's army. They were followed by a train of field-pieces, which, when they reached the flank of the dragoons, were also brought into line, and pointed against the heights. The march was continued by three or four regiments of infantry marching

in open column, their fixed bayonets shewing like successive hedges of steel, and their arms glancing like lightning, as, at a signal given, they at once wheeled into line, and were placed in direct opposition to the Highlanders. A second train of artillery, with another regiment of horse, closed the long march, and formed on the left flank of the infantry, the whole line facing southwards.

While the English army went through these evolutions, the Highlanders shewed equal promptitude and zeal for battle. As fast as the clans came upon the ridge which fronted their enemy, they were formed into line, so that both armies got into complete order of battle at the same moment. When this was accomplished, the Highlanders set up a tremendous yell, which was re-echoed by the heights behind them. The regulars, who were in high spirits, returned a loud shout of defiance, and fired one or two of their cannon upon an advanced post of the Highlanders. The latter displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that «the *sidier roy* was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a' the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill.»

But the ground through which the mountaineers must have descended, although not of great extent, was impracticable in its character, being not only marshy, but intersected with walls of dry stone, and traversed in its whole length by a very broad and deep ditch, circumstances which must have given the musketry of the regulars dreadful advantages. The authority of the commanders was therefore interposed to curb the impetuosity of the Highlanders, and only a few marksmen were sent down the descent to skirmish with the enemy's advanced posts, and to reconnoitre the ground.

Here then was a military spectacle of no ordinary interest, or usual occurrence. The two armies, so different in aspect and discipline, yet each admirably trained to its own peculiar mode of war, upon whose conflict the temporary fate at least of Scotland appeared to depend, now faced each other like two gladiators in the arena, each meditating upon the mode of attacking their enemy. The leading officers and the general's staff of each army could be distinguished in front of their lines, busied with their spy-glasses to watch each other's motions, and occupied in dispatching the orders and receiving the intelligence conveyed by the aides-de-camp and orderly men, who gave life to

the scene by galloping along in different directions, as if the fate of the day depended upon the speed of their horses. The space between the armies was at times occupied by the partial and irregular contest of individual sharpshooters, and a hat or bonnet was occasionally seen to fall, or a wounded man was borne off by his comrades. These however, were but trifling skirmishes, for it suited the view of neither party to advance in that direction. From the neighbouring hamlets, the peasantry cautiously shewed themselves, as if watching the issue of the expected engagement; and at no great distance in the bay were two square-rigged vessels, bearing the English flag, whose tops and yards were crowded with less timid spectators.

When this awful pause had lasted for a short time, Fergus, with another Chieftain, received orders to detach their clans towards the village of Preston, in order to threaten the right flank of Cope's army, and compel him to a change of position. In order to execute these orders, the Chief of Glennaquoich occupied the churchyard of Tranent, a commanding situation, and a convenient place, as Evan Dhu remarked, "for any gentleman who might have the misfortune to be killed, and chanced to be curious about Christian burial." To check or

dislodge this party, the English general detached two guns, escorted by a strong party of cavalry. They approached so near that Waverley could plainly recognize the standard of the troop he had formerly commanded, and hear the trumpets and kettle-drums sound the advance, which he had so often obeyed. He could hear, too, the well-known word given in the English dialect, by the equally well-distinguished voice of the commanding officer, for whom he had once felt so much respect. It was at that instant, that, looking around him, he saw the wild dress and appearance of his Highland associates, heard their whispers in an uncouth and unknown language, looked upon his own dress, so unlike that which he had worn from his infancy, and wished to awake from what seemed at the moment a dream, strange, horrible, and unnatural. "Good God!" he thought, "am I then a traitor to my country, a renegade to my standard, and a foe, as that poor dying wretch expressed himself, to my native England!"

Ere he could digest or smother the recollection, the tall military form of his late commander came full in view, for the purpose of reconnoitring. "I can hit him now," said Calum, cautiously raising his fusee over the wall

under which he lay couched, scarce sixty yards distance.

Edward felt as if he was about to see a paricide committed in his presence; for the venerable grey hair and striking countenance of the veteran, recalled the almost paternal respect with which his officers universally regarded him. But ere he could say "Hold!" an aged Highlander, who lay beside Callum Beg, stopped his arm. "Spare your shot," said the seer, "his hour is not yet come. But let him beware of to-morrow — I see his windingsheet high upon his breast."

Callum, flint to other considerations, was penetrable to superstition. He turned pale at the words of the *Taishatr*, and recovered his piece. Colonel G —, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, turned his horse round, and rode slowly back to the front of his regiment.

By this time the regular army had assumed a new line, with one flank inclined towards the sea, and the other resting upon the village of Preston; and, as similar difficulties occurred in attacking their new position, Fergus and the rest of the detachment were recalled to their former post. This alteration created the necessity of a corresponding change in Ge-

neral Cope's army, which was again brought into a line parallel with that of the Highlanders. In these manœuvres on both sides the daylight was nearly consumed, and both armies prepared to rest upon their arms for the night in the lines which they respectively occupied.

“There will be nothing done to-night,” said Fergus to his friend Waverley; “ere we wrap ourselves in our plaids, let us go see what the Baron is about in rear of the line.”

When they approached his post, they found the good old careful officer, after having sent out his night patroles, and posted his centinels, engaged in reading the Evening Service of the Episcopal Church to the remainder of his troop. His voice was loud and sonorous, and though his spectacles upon his nose, and the appearance of Saunders Saunderson, in military array, performing the functions of clerk, had something ludicrous, yet the circumstances of danger in which they stood, the military costume of the audience, and the appearance of their horses, saddled and picquetted behind them, gave an impressive and solemn effect to the office of devotion.

“I have confessed to-day, ere you were awake,” whispered Fergus to Waverley, “yet

I am not so strict a catholic as to refuse to join in this good man's prayers." Edward assented, and they remained till the Baron had concluded the service.

As he shut the book, „Now, lads, “said he, “have at them in the morning, with heavy hands and light consciences.” He then kindly greeted Mac-Ivor and Waverley, who requested to know his opinion of their situation. “Why, you know Tacitus saith, ‘*In rebus bellicis maxime dominatur Fortuna*,’ which is equi-ponderate with our vernacular adage, ‘Luck can maist in the mellee.’ But credit me, gentlemen, yon man is not a deacon o’ his craft. He damps the spirits of the poor lads he commands, by keeping them on the defensive, whilk of itself implies inferiority or fear. Now will they lie on their arms yonder, as anxious and as ill at ease as a toad under a harrow, while our men will be quite fresh and blithe for action in the morning. Well, good night. — One thing troubles me but if to-morrow goes well off, I will consult you about it, Glennaquoich.” —

„I could almost apply to Mr Bradwardine the character which Henry gives of Fluellen,” said Waverley, as his friend and he walked towards their *bivouac*:

„Though it appears a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this
‘Scotchman’“

„He has seen much service,“ answered Fergus, „and one is sometimes astonished to find how much nonsense and reason are mingled in his composition. I wonder what can be troubling his mind — probably something about Rose. — Hark! the English are setting their watch.“

The roll of the drum and shrill accompaniment of the fifes swelled up the hill — died away — resumed its thunder — and was at length hushed. The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild point of war appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty, and then finally sunk upon the wind with a shrill and mournful cadence.

The friends, who had now reached their post, stood and looked round them ere they lay down to rest. The western sky twinkled with stars, but a frost mist rising from the ocean, covered the eastern horizon, and rolled in white wreaths along the plain where the adverse army lay couched upon their arms. Their advanced posts were pushed as far as the side

of the great ditch at the bottom of the descent, and had kindled large fires at different intervals, gleaming with obscure and hazy lustre through the heavy fog which encircled them with a doubtful halo.

The Highlanders, „thick as leaves in Valambrosa,“ lay stretched upon the ridge of the hill, buried (excepting their centinels) in the most profound repose. „How many of these brave fellows will sleep more soundly before to-morrow night, Fergus!“

„You must not think of that. You must only think of your sword, and by whom it was given. All other reflections are now too LATE.“

With the opiate contained in this undeniable remark, Edward endeavoured to lull the tumult of his conflicting feelings. The Chieftain and he combining their plaids, made a comfortable and warm couch. Callum, sitting down at their head (for it was his duty to watch upon the immediate person of the Chief,) began a long mournful song in Gaelic, to a low and uniform tune, which, like the sound of the wind at a distance, soon lulled them to sleep.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Conflict.

WHEN they had slept for a few hours, they were awakened, and summoned to attend the Prince. The distant village clock was heard to toll three as they hastened to the place where he lay. He was already surrounded by his principal officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of pease-straw, which had been lately his couch, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the circle, the consultation had broken up. „Courage, my brave friends!“ said the Chevalier, „and each one put himself instantly at the head of his command; a faithful friend has offered to guide us by a practi-

cable, though narrow and circuitous route, which, sweeping to our right, traverses the broken ground and morass, and enables us to gain the firm and open plain, upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty surmounted, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest."

The proposal spread unanimous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right from off the ground on which they had rested, soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The mist had not risen to the higher grounds, so that for some time they had the advantage of star-light. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and as the head of the marching column, continuing its descent, plunged as it were into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its white waves over the whole plain, and over the sea by which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, inseparable from darkness, a narrow, broken, and marshy path, and the necessity of preserving union in the march. These, however, were less inconvenient to Highlanders, from their habits of life, than they would have been to any other troops, and they continued a steady and swift movement.

As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground, following the track of those who preceded them, the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though they could not see the dragoon by whom it was made — „Who goes there?“

„Hush,“ cried Fergus, „hush! Let none answer, as he values his life — Press forward;“ and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The patrol fired his carabine upon the body, and the report was instantly followed by the clang of his horse's feet as he galloped off. „*Hylax in limine latrat*,“ said the Baron of Bradwardine, who heard the shot; „that loon will give the alarm.“

The clan of Fergus had now gained the firm plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expanse was unbroken by tree, bush, or interruption of any kind. The rest of the army were following fast, when they heard the drums of the enemy beat the general. Surprise, however, had made no part of their plan, so they were not disconcerted by this intimation that the foe was upon his guard, and prepared to receive them. It only hastened their dispositions for the combat, which were very simple.

The Highland army, which now occupied the eastern end of the wide plain, or corn fields, so often referred to, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the morass towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. The few horse, whom the Prince headed in person, remained between the two lines. The Adventurer had intimated a resolution to charge in person at the head of his first line; but his purpose was deprecated by all around him, and he was with difficulty induced to abandon it.

Both lines were now moving forward, the first prepared for instant combat. The clans, of which it was composed, formed each a sort of separate phalanx, narrow in front, and in depth ten, twelve, or fifteen files, according to the strength of the following. The best-armed and best-born, for the words were synonymous, were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure added both physical impulse, and additional ardour and confidence, to those who were first to encounter the danger.

„Down with your plaid, Waverley,” cried Fergus, throwing off his own; „we’ll win silks for our tartans before the sun is above the sea.”

The clansmen on every side stript their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of about three minutes, during which the men, pulling off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven, and uttered a short prayer. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as it would have burst from his bosom. It was not fear, it was not ardour, it was a compound of both, a new and deeply energetic impulse, that with its first emotion chilled and astounded, then fevered and maddened his mind. The sounds around him combined to exalt his enthusiasm; the pipes played, and the clans rushed forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they mended their pace, and the muttering sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry.

At this moment the sun, which was now above the horizon, dispelled the mists. The vapours rose like a curtain, and shewed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly fronting the attack of the Highlanders; it glittered with the appointments of a complete army, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the sight impressed no terror on the assailants.

„Forward, sons of Ivor,“ cried their Chief, „or the Camerons will draw the first blood!“ They rushed on with a tremendous yell.

The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the flank, received a fire from their fusees as they ran on, and seized with a disgraceful panic, wavered, halted, disbanded, and galloped from the field. The artillery-men, deserted by the cavalry, fled after discharging their pieces, and the Highlanders, who dropped their guns when fired, and drew their broadswords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry.

It was at this moment of confusion and terror that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high rank, standing alone and unsupported by a field-piece, which, after the flight of the men by whom it was wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of Highlanders within his aim. Struck with his tall martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley outstripped for an instant even the speediest of the warriors, and, reaching the spot first, called to him to surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received in his target, and in turning it aside the Englishman's weapon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waverley inter-

cepted and prevented the blow, and the officer perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward's generous anxiety for his safety, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waverley to Dugald, with strict charge to use him well, and not to pillage his person, promising him, at the same time, full indemnification for the spoil.

On Edward's right the battle still raged fierce and thick. The English infantry, trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage. But their extended files were pierced and broken in many places by the close masses of the clans; and in the personal struggle which ensued, the nature of the Highlanders' arms, and their extraordinary fierceness and activity, gave them a decided superiority over those who had been accustomed to trust much to their array and discipline, and felt that the one was broken and the other useless. Waverley, as he cast his eyes towards this scene of smoke and slaughter, observed Colonel G—, deserted by his own soldiers in spite of all his attempts to rally them, yet spurring his horse through the field to take the command of a small body of infantry, who, with their backs arranged against the wall of his own park, (for his house was close by the field of battle,)

continued a desperate and unavailing resistance. Waverley could perceive that he had already received many wounds, his clothes and saddle being marked with blood. To save this good and brave man, became the instant object of Edward's anxious exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Edward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, more wounds than would have let out twenty lives. When Waverley came up, however, perception had not entirely fled. The dying warrior seemed to recognize Edward, for he fixed his eye upon him with an upbraiding, yet sorrowful look, and appeared to struggle for utterance. But he felt that death was dealing closely with him, and resigning his purpose, and folding his hands as if in devotion, he gave up his soul to his Creator. The look with which he regarded Waverley in his dying moments did not strike him so deeply at that crisis of hurry and confusion, as when it recurred to his imagination at the distance of some time.

Loud shouts of triumph now echoed over the whole field. The battle was fought and

won, and the whole baggage, artillery, and military stores of the regular army remained in possession of the victors. Never was a victory more complete. Scarce any escaped from the battle, excepting the cavalry, who had left it at the very onset, and even these were broken into different parties and scattered all over the country. So far as our tale is concerned, we have only to relate the fate of Balmawhapple, who, mounted on a horse as headstrong and stiff-necked as his rider, pursued the flight of the dragoons above four miles from the field of battle, when some dozen of the fugitives took heart of grace, turned round, and, cleaving his skull with their broad-swords, satisfied the world that the unfortunate gentleman had actually brains, the end of his life thus giving proof of a fact greatly doubted during its progress. His death was lamented by few. Most who knew him agreed in the pithy observation of Ensign Maccombich, that there "was mair tint (lost) at Sheriff-Muir." His friend, Lieutenant Jinker, bent his eloquence only to exculpate his favourite mare from any share in contributing to the catastrophe. "He had tauld the laird a thousand times," he said, "that it was a burning shame to put a martingale upon the puir thing, when he would needs ride her wi' a curb of half a yard lang; and that he

could na but bring himsel (no to say her) to some mischief, by flinging her down, or otherwise; whereas if he had had a wee bit rinnin ring on the snaffle, she wad a rein'd as canily as a cadger's ponie."

Such was the elegy of the Laird of Balmawhapple.

CHAPTER XLVIII.*An unexpected Embarrassment.*

WHEN the battle was over, and all things coming into order, the Baron of Bradwardine, returning from the duty of the day, and having disposed those under his command in their proper stations, sought the Chieftain of Glennaquoich and his friend Edward Waverley. He found the former busied in determining disputes among his clansmen about points of precedence and deeds of valour, besides sundry high and doubtful questions concerning plunder. The most important of the last respected the property of a gold watch, which had once belonged to some unfortunate English officer. The party against whom judgment was awarded consoled

himself by observing, "She (*i. e.* the watch, which he took for a living animal,) died the very night Vich Ian Vohr gave her to Murdoch;" the machine having, in fact, stopped for want of winding up.

It was just when this important question was decided, that the Baron of Bradwardine, with a careful and yet important expression of countenance, joined the two young men. He descended from his reeking charger, the care of which he recommended to one of his grooms. "I seldom ban, sir," said he to the man; "but if you play any of your hound's-fot tricks and leave puir Berwick before he's sorted, to run after spulzie, de'il be wi' me if I do not give your craig a thraw." He then stroked with great complacency the animal which had borne him through the fatigues of the day, and having taken a tender leave of him, — "Weel, my good young friends, a glorious and decisive victory," said he; "but these loons of troopers fled ower soon. I should have liked to have shewn you the true points of the *prælium equestre*, or equestrian combat, whilk their cowardice has postponed, and which I hold to be the pride and terror of warfare. Well, I have fought once more in this old quarrel, thought I admit I could not be so far *ben* as you lads, being that it was my point of duty

to keep together our handful of horse. And no cavalier ought in any wise to begrudge honour that befalls his companions, even though they are ordered upon thrice his danger, whilk another time, by the blessing of God, may be his own case — But, Glennaquoich, and you, Mr Waverley, I pray ye to give me your best advice on a matter of mickle weight, and which deeply affects the honour of the house of Bradwardine. — I crave your pardon, Ensign Maccombich, and yours, Inveraughlin, and yours, Edderalshendrach, and yours, sir.”

The last person he addressed was Ballenkeiroch, who, remembering the death of his son, loured on him with a look of savage defiance. The Baron, quick as lightning at taking umbrage, had already bent his brow, when Glennaquoich dragged his major from the spot, and remonstrated with him, in the authoritative tone of a chieftain, on the madness of reviving a quarrel in such a moment.

“The ground is cumbered with carcasses,” said the old mountaineer, turning sullenly away; “*one more* would hardly have been ken’d upon it; and if it was na for yoursel, Vich Ian Vohr, that one should be Bradwardine’s or mine.”

The Chief soothed while he hurried him away, and then returned to the Baron. “It is Ballankeiroch,” said he, in an under and con-

fidential voice, «father of the young man who fell in the unlucky affair eight years since at the Mains.»

«Ah!» said the Baron, instantly relaxing the the doubtful sternness of his features, «I can take mickle frae a man to whom I have unhappily rendered sic a displeasure as that. Ye were right to apprize me, Glennaquoich; he may look as black as midnight at Martinmas ere Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine shall say he does him wrang. Ah! I have nae male lineage, and I should bear with one I have made childless, though you are aware the blood-wit was made up to your ain satisfaction by assythment, and that I have since expedited letters of slains. — Weel, as I have said, I have no male issue, and yet it is needful that I maintain the honour of my house; and it is on that score I prayed ye for your peculiar and private attention.»

The two young men awaited in anxious curiosity. «I doubt na, lads, but your education has been sae seen to, that ye understand the true nature of the feudal tenures?»

Fergus, afraid of an endless dissertation, answered, „Intimately, Baron,“ and touched Waverley, as a signal to express no ignorance.

„And ye are aware, I doubt not, that the holding of the Barony of Bradwardine is of a

nature alike honourable and peculiar, being blanch, (which Craig opines ought to be Latinated *blancum*, or rather *francum*, a free holding,) *pro servitio detrahendi, seu exuendi, caligas regis post battalliam.*“ Here Fergus turned his falcon eye upon Edward, with an almost imperceptible rise of his eyebrow, to which his shoulders corresponded in the same degree of elevation. „Now, twa points of dubitation occur to me upon this topic. First, whether this service, or feudal homage, be at any event due to the person of the Prince, the words being, *per expressum, caligas REGIS*, the boots of the king himself; and I pray your opinion anent that particular before we proceed farther.“

„Why, he is Prince Regent,“ answered Mac-Ivor, with laudable composure of countenance, „and in the court of France all the honours are rendered to the person of the Regent which are due to that of the King. Besides, were I to pull off either of their boots, I would render that service to the young Chevalier ten times more willingly than to his father.“

„Ay, but I talk not of personal predilections. However, your authority is of great weight as to the usages of the court of France: And doubtless the Prince, as *alter ego*, may have a right to claim the *homagium* of the

great tenants of the crown, since all faithful subjects are commanded, in the commission of regency, to respect him as the King's own person. Far, therefore, be it from me to diminish the lustre of his authority, by withholding this act of homage, so peculiarly calculated to give it splendour; for I question if the Emperor of Germany hath his boots taken off by a free baron of the empire. But here lieth the second difficulty — The Prince wears no boots, but simply brogues and trews."

This last dilemma had almost disturbed Fergus's gravity.

"Why," said he, "you know, Baron, the proverb tells us, 'It's ill taking the breeks off a Highlandman,' — and the boots are here in the same predicament."

"The word *caligæ*, however," continued the Baron, "though I admit, that, by family tradition, and even in our ancient evidents, it is explained *lie boots*, means, in its primitive sense, rather sandals; and Caius Cæsar, the nephew and successor of Caius Tiberius, received the agnomen of Caligula, *a caligulis, sive caligis levioribus, quibus adolescentior usus fuerat in exercitu Germanici patris sui*. And the *caligæ* were also proper to the monastic bodies; for we read in an ancient Glossarium, upon the rule of St Benedict, in the Abbey of

St Amand, that *caligæ* were tied with latches."

„That will apply to the brogues," said Fergus.

„It will so, my dear Glennaquich, and the words are express; *Caligæ dictæ sunt quia ligantur; nam socci non ligantur, sed tantum intromittuntur*; that is, *caligæ* are denominated from the ligatures, wherewith they are bound; whereas *socci*, which may be analogous to our slippers, are only slipped upon the feet. The words of the charter are also alternative, *exuere, seu detrahere*; that is, to *undo*, as in the case of sandals or brogues, and to *pull off*, as we say vernacularly, concerning boots. Yet I would we had more light; but I fear there is little chance of finding hereabout any erudite author, *de re vestiaria*."

„I should doubt it very much," said the Chieftain, looking around on the straggling Highlanders, who were returning loaded with spoils of the slain, „though the *res vestiaria* itself seems to be in some request at present."

This remark coming within the Baron's idea of jocularitv, he honoured it with a smile, but immediately resumed what to him appeared very serious business.

„Baillie Macwheeble indeed holds an opinion, that this honorary service is due, from its very

nature, *si petatur tantum*; only if his Royal Highness shall require of the great tenant of the crown to perform that personal duty: and indeed he pointed out the case in Dirleton's Doubts and Queries, Grippit *versus* Spicer, anent the eviction of an estate *ob non solutum canonem*, that is, for not payment of a feuduty of three pepper-corns a-year, whilk were taxt to be worth seven-eighths of a penny Scots, in whilk the defender was assoilzied. But I deem it safest, wi' your good favour, to place myself in the way of rendering the Prince this service, and to proffer performance thereof; and I shall cause the Baillie to attend with a shedule of a protest, whilk he has here prepared, (taking out a paper,) intimating, that if his Royal Highness shall accept of other assistance at pulling off his *caligæ*, (whether the same shall be rendered boots or brogues,) save that of the said Baron of Bradwardine, who is in presence ready and willing to perform the same, it shall in no wise impinge upon or prejudice the right of the said Cosmo Comine Bradwardine to perform the said service in future; nor shall it give any esquire, valet of the chamber, squire, or page, whose assistance it may please his Royal Highness to employ, any right, title, or ground, for evicting from the said Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine the estate and barony of

Bradwardine, and others held as aforesaid, by the due and faithful performance thereof."

Fergus highly applauded this arrangement; and the Baron took a friendly leave of them, with a smile of contented importance upon his visage.

"Long live our dear friend, the Baron," exclaimed the Chief, as soon as he was out of hearing, "for the most absurd original that exists north of Tweed! I wish to heaven I had recommended him to attend the circle this evening with a boot-ketch under his arm. I think he might have adopted the suggestion, if it had been made with suitable gravity."

"And how can you take pleasure in making a man of his worth so ridiculous?"

"Begging pardon, my dear Waverley, you are as ridiculous as he. Why, do you not see that the man's whole mind is wrapped up in this ceremony? He has heard and thought of it since infancy, as the most august privilege and ceremony in the world; and I doubt not but the expected pleasure of performing it was a principal motive with him for taking up arms. Depend upon it, had I endeavoured to divert him from exposing himself, he would have treated me as an ignorant, conceited coxcomb, or perhaps might have taken a fancy to cut my

throat; a pleasure which he once proposed to himself upon some point of etiquette, not half so important, in his eyes, as this matter of boots or brogues, or whatever the *caligæ* shall finally be pronounced by the learned. But I must go to headquarters, to prepare the Prince for this extraordinary scene. My information will be well taken, for it will give him a hearty laugh at present, and put him on his guard against laughing, when it might be very *mal-a-propos*. So, *au revoir*, my dear Waverley."

CHAPTER XLIX.

The English Prisoner.

THE first occupation of Waverley, after he departed from the Chieftain, was in quest of the officer whose life he had saved. He was guarded, along with his companions in misfortune, who were very numerous, in a gentleman's house near the field of battle.

Upon entering the room, where they stood crowded together, Waverley easily recognized the object of his visit, not only by the peculiar dignity of his appearance, but by the appendage of Dugald Mahony, with his battle-axe, who had stuck to him from the moment of his captivity, as if he had been skewered to his side. This close attendance was, perhaps, for the purpose of securing his promised reward

from Edward, but it also operated to save the English gentleman from being plundered in the scene of general confusion; for Dugald sagaciously argued, that the amount of the salvage which he might be allowed, would be regulated by the state of the prisoner, when he should deliver him over to Waverley. He hastened to assure Waverley, that he had «keepit ta *sidier roy* haill, and that he was na a plack the waur since the fery moment when his honour forbad her to gie him a bit clamhewit wi' her Lochaber-axe. »

Waverley assured Dugald of a liberal recompence, and, approaching the English officer, expressed his anxiety to do any thing which might contribute to his convenience under his present unpleasant circumstances.

«I am not so inexperienced a soldier, sir,» answered the Englishman, „as to complain of the fortune of war. I am only grieved to see those scenes acted in our own island, which I have often witnessed elsewhere with comparative indifference.

«Another such day as this,» said Waverley, «and I trust the cause of your regrets will be removed, and all will again return to peace and order. »

The officer smiled and shook his head. «I must not forget my situation so far as to at-

tempt a formal confutation of that opinion; but, notwithstanding your success, and the valour which won it, you have undertaken a task to which your strength appears wholly inadequate."

At this moment Fergus pushed into the press.

"Come, Edward, come along; the Prince has gone to Pinkie-house for the night; and we must follow, or lose the whole ceremony of the *caligæ*. Your friend, the Baron, has been guilty of a great piece of cruelty; he has insisted upon dragging Baillie Macwheeble out to the field of battle. Now, you must know, the Baillie's greatest horror is an armed Highlander, or a loaded gun: and there he stands listening to the Baron's instructions concerning the protest; and ducking his head like a sea-gull, at the report of every gun and pistol that our idle boys are firing upon the fields; and undergoes, by way of penance, at every symptom of flinching, a severe rebuke from his patron, who would not admit the discharge of a whole battery of cannon within point-blank distance, as an apology for neglecting a discourse, in which the honour of his family is interested."

"But how has Mr Bradwardine got him to venture so far?"

„Why, he had come as far as Musselburgh, I fancy, in hopes of making some of our wills; and the peremptory commands of the Baron dragged him forward to Preston after the battle was over. He complains of one or two of our ragamuffians having put him in peril of his life, by presenting their pieces at him; but as they limited his ransom to an English penny, I don't think we need trouble the provostmartial upon that subject. — So, come along Waverley.“

„Waverley!“ said the English officer, with great emotion; „the-nephew of Sir Everard Waverley, of ——shire?“

„The same, sir,“ replied our hero, somewhat surprised at the tone in which he addressed him.

„I am at once happy and grieved,“ said the prisoner, „to have met with you.“

„I am ignorant, sir,“ answered Waverley, „how I have deserved so much interest.“

„Did your uncle never mention a friend called Talbot?“

„I have heard him talk with great regard of such a gentleman — a colonel, I believe, in the army, and the husband of Lady Emily Blandeville; but I thought Colonel Talbot had been abroad.“

„I am just returned; and being in Scotland, thought it my duty to act where my services promised to be useful. Yes, Mr Waverley, I am that Colonel Talbot, the husband of the lady you have named; and I am proud to acknowledge, that I owe alike my professional rank and my domestic happiness to your generous and noble-minded relative. Good God! that I should find his nephew in such a dress, and engaged in such a cause!“

„Sir,“ said Fergus, haughtily, „the dress and cause are those of men of birth and honour.“

„My situation forbids me to dispute your assertion; otherwise it were no difficult matter to shew, that neither courage nor pride of lineage can gild a bad cause. But, with Mr Waverley's permission, and yours sir, if yours also must be asked, I would willingly speak a few words with him on affairs connected with his family.“

Mr Waverley, sir, regulates his own motions. — You will follow me, I suppose, to Pinkie,“ said Fergus, turning to Edward, „when you have finished your discourse with this new acquaintance?“ So saying, the Chief of Glen-naquoich adjusted his plaid with rather more than his usual air of haughty assumption, and left the apartment.

The interest of Waverley readily procured for Colonel Talbot the freedom of adjourning to a large garden, belonging to his place of confinement. They walked a few paces in silence, Colonel Talbot apparently studying how to open what he had to say; at length he addressed Edward.

„Mr Waverley, you have this day saved my life: and yet I would to God that I had lost it, ere I had found you wearing the uniform and cockade of these men.“

„I forgive your reproach, Colonel Talbot; it is well meant, and your education and prejudices render it natural. But there is nothing extraordinary in finding a man, whose honour has been publicly and unjustly assailed, in the situation which promised most fair to afford him satisfaction on his calumniators.“

„I should rather say, in the situation most likely to confirm the reports which they have circulated, said Colonel Talbot, „by following the very line of conduct ascribed to you. Are you aware, Mr Waverley, of the infinite distress, and even danger, which your present conduct has occasioned to your nearest relatives?“

„Danger!“

„Yes, sir, danger. When I left England, your uncle and father had been obliged to find bail to answer a charge of treason, to which

they were only admitted by exertion of the most pressing interest. I came down to Scotland, with the sole purpose of rescuing you from the gulf into which you have precipitated yourself; nor can I estimate the consequences to your family, of your having openly joined the rebellion, since the very suspicion of your intention was so perilous to them. Most deeply do I regret, that I did not meet you before this last and fatal error."

"I am really ignorant why Colonel Talbot should have taken so much trouble on my account."

"Mr Waverley, I am dull at apprehending irony; and therefore I shall answer your words according to their plain meaning. I am indebted to your uncle for benefits greater than those which a son owes to a father. I acknowledge to him the duty of a son; and as I know there is no manner in which I can requite his kindness so well as by serving you, I will serve you, if possible, whether you will permit me or no. The personal obligation which you have this day laid me under, (although, in common estimation, as great as one human being can bestow on another,) adds nothing to my zeal on your behalf; nor can it be abated by any coolness with which you may please to receive it."

„Your intentions may be kind, sir, but your language is harsh, or at least peremptory.“

„On my return to England, after long absence, I found your uncle, Mr Waverley, in the custody of a king's messenger, in consequence of the suspicion brought upon him by your conduct. He is my oldest friend — how often shall I repeat it — my best benefactor! he sacrificed his own views of happiness to mine — he never uttered a word, he never harboured a thought, that benevolence might itself not have thought or spoken. — I found this man in confinement, rendered harsher to him by his habits of life, his natural dignity of feeling, and — forgive me, Mr Waverley, — by the cause through which this calamity had come upon him. I cannot disguise from you my feelings upon this occasion; they were most painfully unfavourable to you. Having, by my family interest, which you probably know is not inconsiderable, succeeded in obtaining Sir Everard's release, I set out for Scotland. I saw Colonel G — —, a man whose fate alone is sufficient to render this insurrection for ever execrable. In the course of conversation with him, I found, that, from late circumstances, from a re-examination of the persons engaged in the mutiny, and from his original good

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opinion of your character, he was much softened towards you; and I doubted not, that if I could be so fortunate as to discover you, all might yet be well. But this unnatural rebellion has ruined all. — I have, for the first time, in a long and active military life, seen Britons disgrace themselves by a panic flight, and that before a foe without either arms or discipline: And now I find the heir of my dearest friend — the son, I may say, of his affections — sharing a triumph, for which he ought the first to have blushed. Why should I lament G — —! — his lot was happy, compared to mine!”

There was so much dignity in Colonel Talbot's manner, such a mixture of military pride and manly sorrow, and the news of Sir Everard's imprisonment was told in so deep a tone of feeling, that Edward stood mortified, abashed, and distressed, in presence of the prisoner, who owed to him his life not many hours before. He was not sorry when Fergus interrupted their conference a second time.

„His Royal Highness commanded Mr Waverley's attendance.“ Colonel Talbot threw upon Edward a reproachful glance, which did not escape the quick eye of the Highland Chief. „His *immediate* attendance,“ he repeated, with

considerable emphasis. Waverley turned again towards the Colonel.

„We shall meet again,“ he said; „in the meanwhile, every possible accommodation“ —

„I desire none,“ said the Colonel; „let me fare like the meanest of those brave men, who, on this day of calamity, have preferred wounds and captivity to flight; I would almost exchange places with one of those who has fallen, to know that my words have made a suitable impression on your mind.“

„Let Colonel Talbot be carefully secured,“ said Fergus to the Highland officer, who commanded the guard over the prisoners; „it is the Prince’s particular command; he is a prisoner of the utmost importance.“

„But let him want no accommodation suitable to his rank,“ said Waverley.

„Consistent always with secure custody,“ reiterated Fergus. The officer signified his acquiescence in both commands, and Edward followed Fergus to the garden-gate, where Callum Beg, with three saddle-horses, awaited them. Turning his head, he saw Colonel Talbot re-conducted to his place of confinement by a file of Highlanders; he lingered on the threshold of the door, and made a signal with

his hand towards Waverley, as if enforcing the language he had held towards him.

„Horses,” said Fergus, as he mounted, “are now as plenty as blackberries; every man may have them for catching. Come, let Callum adjust your stirrups, and let us to Pinkie-house as fast as these *ci-devant* dragoons-horses chuse to carry us.”

CHAPTER L.

Rather unimportant.

» I WAS turned back, » said Fergus to Edward, « by a message from the Prince. But, I suppose, you know the value of this most noble Colonel Talbot as a prisoner. He is held one of the best officers among the red-coats, a special friend and favourite of the Elector himself, and of that dreadful hero, the Duke of Cumberland, who has been summoned from his triumphs at Fontenoy, to come over and devour us poor Highlanders alive. Has he been telling you how the bells of St James's ring? Not 'turn again, Whittington,' like those of Bow, in days of yore? »

„Fergus!”

„Nay, I cannot tell what to make of you; you are blown about with every wind of doctrine. Here have we gained a victory, unparalleled in history — and your behaviour is praised by every living mortal to the skies — and the Prince is eager to thank you in person — and all our beauties of the White Rose are pulling caps for you, — and you, the *preux chevalier* of the day, are stooping on your horse's neck like a butter-woman riding to market, and looking as black as a funeral!”

„I am sorry for poor Colonel G——'s death: he was once very kind to me.”

„Why, then, be sorry for five minutes, and then be glad again; his chance to-day may be ours to-morrow: and what does it signify? The next best thing to victory is honourable death; but it is a *pis-aller*, and one would rather a foe had it than one's self,”

„But Colonel Talbot has informed me that my father and uncle are both imprisoned by government on my account.”

„We'll put in bail, my boy; old Andrew Ferrara shall lodge his security; and I should like to see him put to justify it in Westminster-Hall!”

„Nay, they are already at liberty, upon bail of a more civic description.”

„Then why is thy noble spirit cast down, Edward? Dost think that the Elector's ministers are such doves as to set their enemies at liberty at this critical moment, if they could or durst confine and punish them? Assure thyself that either they have no charge against your relations on which they can continue their imprisonment, or else they are afraid of our friends, the jolly cavaliers of Old England. At any rate, you need not be apprehensive upon their account; and we will find some means of conveying to them assurance of your safety.“

Edward was silenced, but not satisfied, with these reasons. He had now been more than once shocked at the small degree of sympathy which Fergus exhibited for the feelings even of those whom he loved, if they did not correspond with his own mood at the time, and more especially if they thwarted him while earnest in a favourite pursuit. Fergus sometimes indeed observed, that he had offended Waverley, but, always intent upon some favourite plan or project of his own, he was never sufficiently aware of the extent or duration of his displeasure, so that the reiteration of these petty offences somewhat cooled the volunteer's extreme attachment to his officer.

The Chevalier received Waverley with his usual favour, and paid him many compliments on his distinguished bravery. He then took him apart, made many enquiries concerning Colonel Talbot, and when he had received all the information which Edward was able to give concerning him and his connections, he proceeded, — “I cannot but think, Mr Waverley, that since this gentleman is so particularly connected with our worthy and excellent friend, Sir Everard Waverley, and since his lady is of the house of Blandeville, whose devotion to the true and loyal principles of the church of England is so generally known, the Colonel's own private sentiments cannot be unfavourable to us, whatever mask he may have assumed to accommodate himself to the times.”

„If I am to judge from the language he this day held to me, I am under the necessity of differing widely from your Royal Highness.”

„Well, it is worth making a trial at least. I therefore entrust you with the charge of Colonel Talbot, with power to act concerning him as you think most advisable; and I trust you will find means of ascertaining what are his real dispositions towards our Royal Father's restoration.”

„I am convinced,” said Waverley, bowing, „that if Colonel Talbot chuses to grant his parole, it may be securely depended upon; but if he refuses it, I trust your Royal Highness will devolve on some other person than the nephew of his friend, the task of laying him under the necessary restraint.”

„I will trust him with no person but you,” said the Prince, smiling, but peremptorily repeating his mandate; “it is of importance to my service that there should appear to be a good intelligence between you, even if you are unable to gain his confidence in earnest. You will therefore receive him into your quarters, and in case he declines giving his parole, you must apply for a proper guard. I beg you will go about this directly. We return to Edinburgh to morrow.”

Being thus remanded to the vicinity of Preston, Waverley lost the Baron of Bradwardine's solemn act of homage. So little, however, was he at this time in love with vanity, that he had quite forgot the ceremony in which Fergus had laboured to engage his curiosity. But next day a formal gazette was circulated, containing a detailed account of the battle of Gladsmuir, as the Highlanders chose to denominate their victory. It concluded with an account of the court held by the Chevalier at

Pinkie-house in the evening, which contained this among other high-flown descriptive paragraphs :

„Since that fatal treaty which annihilates Scotland as an independent nation, it has not been our happiness to see her princes receive, and her nobles discharge, those acts of feudal homage, which, founded upon the splendid actions of Scottish valour, recal the memory of her early history, with the manly and chivalrous simplicity of the ties which united to the Crown the homage of the warriors by whom it was repeatedly upheld and defended. But, upon the evening of the 20th, our memories were refreshed with one of those ceremonies which belong to the ancient days of Scotland's glory. After the circle was formed, Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, of that ilk, colonel in the service, etc. etc. etc. came before the Prince, attended by Mr D. Macwheeble, the baillie of his ancient barony of Bradwardine, (who, we understand, has been lately named a commissary,) and, under form of instrument, claimed permission to perform, to the person of his Royal Highness, as representing his father, the service used and wont, for which, under a charter of Robert Bruce, (of which the original was produced and inspected by the Master of his Royal Highness's chancery

for the time being) the claimant held the barony of Bradwardine, and lands of Tully-Veolan. His claim being admitted and registered, his Royal Highness having placed his foot upon a cushion, the Baron of Bradwardine, kneeling upon his right knee, proceeded to undo the latchet of the brogue, or low-heeled Highland shoe, which our gallant young hero wears in compliment to his brave followers. When this was performed, his Royal Highness declared the ceremony completed; and, embracing the gallant veteran, protested that nothing but compliance with an ordinance of Robert Bruce, could have induced him to receive even the symbolical performance of a menial office from hands which had fought so bravely to put the crown upon the head of his father. The Baron of Bradwardine then took instruments in the hands of Mr Commissary Macwheeble, bearing, that all points and circumstances of the act of homage had been *rite et solenniter acta et peracta*; and a corresponding entry was made in the protocol of the Lord High Chamberlain, and in the record of Chancery. We understand that it is in contemplation of his Royal Highness, when his majesty's pleasure can be known, to raise Colonel Bradwardine to the peerage, by the title of Viscount Bradwardine of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan,

and that, in the meanwhile, his Royal Highness, in his father's name and authority, has been pleased to grant him an honourable augmentation to his paternal coat of arms, being a budget or boot-jack, disposed saltier-wise with a naked broadsword, to be borne in the dexter cantle of the shield; and, as an additional motto on a scroll beneath, the words, 'Draw and draw off.'"

"Were it not for the recollection of Fergus's raillery," thought Waverley to himself, when he had perused this long and grave document, "how very tolerably would all this sound, and how little should I have thought of connecting it with any ludicrous idea! Well, after all, every thing has its fair, as well as its seamy side; and truly I do not see why the Baron's boot-jack may not stand as fair in heraldry as the waterbuckets, waggon, cart-wheels, ploughsocks, shuttles, candlesticks, and other ordinaries, conveying ideas of any thing save chivalry, which appear in the arms of some of our most ancient gentry. This, however, is an episode in respect to the principal story.

When Waverley returned to Preston, and rejoined Colonel Talbot, he found him recovered from the strong and obvious emotion with which a concurrence of unpleasing events

had affected him. He had recovered his natural manner, which was that of an English gentleman and soldier, manly, open, and generous, but not unsusceptible of prejudice against those of a different country, or who opposed him in political tenets. When Waverley acquainted Colonel Talbot with the Chevalier's purpose to commit him to his charge, "I did not think to have owed so much obligation to that young gentleman," he said, "as is implied in this destination. I can at least chearfully join in the prayer of the honest presbyterian clergyman, that, as he has come among us seeking an earthly crown, his labours may be speedily rewarded with an heavenly one. I shall willingly give my parole not to attempt an escape without your knowledge, since, in fact, it was to meet you that I came to Scotland; and I am glad it has happened even under this predicament. But I suppose we shall be but a short time together. Your Chevalier (that is a name we may both give to him) with his plaids and blue caps, will, I presume, be continuing his crusade southwards?"

"Not as I hear; I believe the army makes some stay in Edinburgh, to collect reinforcements."

"And besiege the Castle?" said Talbot, smiling sarcastically. "Well, unless my old

commander, General Guest, turn false metal, or the castle sink into the North Loch, events which I deem equally probable, I think we shall have some time to make up our acquaintance. I have a guess that this gallant Chevalier has a design that I should be your proselyte, and as I wish you to be mine, there cannot be a more fair proposal. But as I spoke to day under the influence of feelings I rarely give way to, I hope you will excuse my entering again upon controversy till we are somewhat better acquainted.

CHAPTER LI.

Intrigues of Love and Politics.

It is not necessary to record in these pages the triumphant entrance of the Chevalier into Edinburgh after the decisive affair of Preston. One circumstance, however, may be noticed, because it illustrates the high spirit of Flora Mac-Ivor. The Highlanders, by whom the Prince was surrounded, in the license and extravagance of this joyful moment, fired their pieces repeatedly, and one of these having been accidentally loaded with ball, the bullet grazed the young lady's temple as she waved her handkerchief from a balcony. Fergus, who beheld the accident, was at her side in an instant; and, on seeing that the wound was trifling, he

drew his broadsword, with the purpose of rushing down upon the man by whose carelessness she had incurred so much danger, when, holding him by the plaid, "Do not harm the poor fellow," she cried; "for Heaven's sake, do not harm him! but thank God with me that the accident happened to Flora Mac-Ivor; for had it befallen a whig, they would have pretended that the shot was fired on purpose."

Waverley escaped the alarm which this accident would have occasioned to him, as he was unavoidably delayed by the necessity of accompanying Colonel Talbot to Edinburgh.

They performed the journey together on horseback, and for some time, as if to sound each other's feelings and sentiments, they conversed upon general and ordinary topics.

When Waverley again entered upon the subject which he had most at heart, the situation namely of his father and his uncle, Colonel Talbot seemed now rather desirous to alleviate than to aggravate his anxiety. This appeared particularly to be the case when he had heard Waverley's history, which he did not scruple to confide to him.

"And so," said the Colonel, "there has been no malice prepense, as lawyers, I think, term it, in this rash step of yours; and you have been trepanned into the service of this

Italian knight-errant by a few civil speeches from him and one or two of his Highland recruiting serjeants? It is sadly foolish to be sure, but not nearly so bad as I was led to expect. However, you cannot desert at the present moment, that seems impossible. But I have little doubt that, in the dissensions incident to this heterogeneous mass of wild and desperate men, some opportunity may arise, by availing yourself of which, you may extricate yourself honourably from your rash engagement before the hubbub burst. If this can be managed, I would have you go to a place of safety in Flanders, which I shall point out. And I think I can secure your pardon from government after a few months residence abroad."

"I cannot permit you, Colonel Talbot, to speak of any plan which turns on my deserting an enterprize, in which I may have engaged hastily, but certainly voluntarily, and with the purpose of abiding the issue."

"Well," said Colonel Talbot, smiling, "leave me my thoughts and hopes at least at liberty, if not my speech. But have you never examined your mysterious packet?"

"It is in my baggage; we shall find it in Edinburgh."

In Edinburgh they soon arrived. Waverley's quarters had been assigned to him, by

the Prince's express orders, in a handsome lodging, where there was accommodation for Colonel Talbot. His first business was to examine his pormanteau, and, after a very short search, out tumbled the expected packet. Waverley opened it eagerly. Under a blank cover, simply addressed to E. Waverley, Esq. he found a number of open letters. The uppermost were two from Colonel G—, addressed to himself. The earliest in date was a kind and gentle remonstrance for neglect of the writer's advice, respecting the disposal of his time during his leave of absence, the renewal of which he reminded Captain Waverley would speedily expire. "Indeed," the letter proceeded, "had it been otherwise, the news from abroad, and my instructions from the War office, must have compelled me to recal it, as there is great danger, since the disaster in Flanders, both of foreign invasion and insurrection among the disaffected at home. I therefore entreat you will repair, as soon as possible, to the head-quarters of the regiment; and I am concerned to add, that this is still the more necessary, as there is some discontent in your troop, and I postpone enquiry into particulars until I can have the advantage of your assistance."

The second letter, dated eight days later,

was in such a style as might have been expected from the Colonel's receiving no answer to the first. It reminded Waverley of his duty, as a man of honour, an officer, and a Briton; took notice of the increasing dissatisfaction of his men, and that some of them had been heard to hint, that their Captain encouraged and approved of their mutinous behaviour; and, finally, the writer expressed the utmost regret and surprise that he had not obeyed his commands by repairing to head-quarters, reminded him that his leave of absence had been recalled, and conjured him, in a style in which paternal remonstrance was mingled with military authority, to redeem his error by immediately joining his regiment. "That I may be certain," concluded the letter, "that this actually reaches you, I dispatch it by Corporal Tims, with orders to deliver it into your own hand."

Upon reading these letters, Waverley, with great bitterness of feeling, was compelled to make the *amende honorable* to the memory of the brave and excellent writer; for surely, as Colonel G — must have had every reason to conclude they had come safely to hand, less could not follow, in their being neglected, than that third and final summons, which Waverley actually received at Glennaquoich, though

too late to obey it. And his being superseded, in consequence of his apparent neglect of this last command, was so far from being a harsh or severe proceeding, that it was plainly inevitable. The next letter he unfolded was from the major of the regiment, acquainting him that a report, to the disadvantage of his reputation, was public in the country, stating, that one Mr Falconer of Ballihopple, or some such name, had proposed, in his presence, a treasonable toast, which he permitted to pass in silence, although it was so gross an affront to the royal family, that a gentleman in company, not remarkable for his zeal for government, had nevertheless taken the matter up, and that Captain Waverley had thus suffered another, comparatively unconcerned, to resent an affront directed against him personally as an officer, and to go out with the person by whom it was offered. The Major concluded, that no one of Captain Waverley's brother officers could believe this scandalous story, but that his own honour, equally with that of the regiment, depended upon its being instantly contradicted by his authority, etc. etc. etc.

„What do you think of all this?“ said Colonel Talbot, to whom Waverley handed the letters after he had perused them.

“Think! it renders thought impossible. It is enough to drive me mad.”

“Be calm, my young friend; let us see what are these dirty scrawls that follow.”

The first was addressed, „For Master W. Ruffen These. „ — Dear sur, sum of our yong gulpins will not bite, thof I tuold them you shoed me the squoire's own seel. But Tims will deliver you the lettrs as desired, and tell ould Addem he gave them to squoir's hond, as to be sure yours is the same, and shall be redy for signal, and hoy for Hoy Church and Sachefrel, as fadur sings at harvest-whome.

“Your, deer Sur,

“H. H.

“Poscriff. Do'e tell squoire we longs to heer from him, and has dootings about his not writing himsell, and Lifetenant Bottler is smoky.”

“This Ruffen, I suppose, then, is your Donald of the Cavern, who has intercepted your letters, and carried on a correspondence with the poor devil Houghton, as if under your authority “

„It seems too true. But who can Ad-dem be?”

„Possibly Adam, for poor G — —, a sort of pun on his name.”

The other letters were to the same purpose, and they soon received yet more complete light upon Donald Bean's machinations.

John Hodges, one of Waverley's servants, who had remained with the regiment, and had been taken at Preston, now made his appearance. He had sought out his master, with the purpose of again entering his service. From this fellow they learned, that some time after Waverley had gone from the head-quarters of the regiment, a pedlar, called Ruthven, Ruffen, or Rivane, known among the soldiers by the name of Wily Will, had made frequent visits to the town of —. He appeared to possess plenty of money, sold his commodities very cheap, seemed always willing to treat his friends at the ale-house, and easily ingratiated himself with many of Waverley's troop, particularly Serjeant Houghton, and one Tims, also a non-commissioned officer. To these he unfolded, in Waverley's name, a plan for leaving the regiment and joining him in the Highlands, where report said the clans had already taken arms in great numbers. The men, who had been educated as Jacobites, so far as they had any opinions at all, and who knew their landlord, Sir Everard, had always been supposed to hold such tenets, easily fell into the snare. That Waverley was at a distance in the High-

lands, was received as a sufficient excuse for transmitting his letters through the medium of the pedlar; and the sight of his well-known seal seemed to authenticate the negotiations in his name, where writing might have been dangerous. The cabal, however, began to take air, from the premature mutinous language of those concerned. Wily Will justified his appellative; for, after suspicion arose, he was seen no more. When the Gazette appeared, in which Waverley was superseded, great part of his troop broke out into actual mutiny, but were surrounded and disarmed by the rest of the regiment. In consequence of the sentence of a court-martial, Houghton and Tims were condemned to be shot, but afterwards permitted to cast lots for life. Houghton, the survivor, shewed much penitence, being convinced, from the rebukes and explanations of Colonel G——, that he had really engaged in a very heinous crime. It is remarkable, that as soon as the poor fellow was satisfied of this, he became also convinced that the instigator had acted without authority from Edward, saying, «if it was dishonourable and against Old England, the squire could know nought about it: he never did, or thought to do, any thing dishonourable, no more didn't Sir Everard, nor none of them afore him, and in that belief

he would live and die that Ruffen had done it all of his own head."

The strength of conviction with which he expressed himself upon this subject, as well as his assurances that the letters intended for Waverley had been delivered to Ruthven, made that revolution in Colonel G ——'s opinion which he expressed to Talbot.

The reader has long since understood that Donald Bean Lean played the part of tempter on this occasion. His motives were shortly these. Of an active and intriguing spirit, he had been long employed as a subaltern agent and spy by those in the confidence of the Chevalier, to an extent beyond what was suspected even by Fergus Mac-Ivor, whom, though obliged to him for protection, he regarded with fear and dislike. To success in this political department, he naturally looked for raising himself by some bold stroke above his present hazardous and precarious trade of rapine. He was particularly employed in learning the strength of the regiments in Scotland, the character of the officers, etc. and had long had his eye upon Waverley's troop, as open to temptation. Donald even believed that Waverley himself was at bottom in the Stuart interest, which seemed confirmed by his long visit to the jacobite Baron of Bradwardine. When,

therefore, he came to his cave with one of Glen-naquoich's attendants, the robber, who could never appreciate his real motive, which was mere curiosity, was so sanguine as to hope that his own talents were to be employed in some intrigue of consequence, under the auspices of this wealthy young Englishman. Nor was he undeceived by Waverley's neglecting all hints and openings afforded for explanation. His conduct passed for prudent reserve, and somewhat piqued Donald Bean, who, supposing himself left out of a secret where confidence promised to be advantageous, determined to have his share in the drama, whether a regular part were assigned him or not. For this purpose, during Waverley's sleep, he possessed himself of his seal, as a token to be used to any of the troopers whom he might discover to be possessed of the captain's confidence. His first journey to —, the town where the regiment was quartered, undeceived him in his original supposition, but opened to him a new field of action. He knew there would be no service so well rewarded by the friends of the Chevalier, as seducing a part of the regular army to his standard. For this purpose he opened the machinations with which the reader is already acquainted and which form a clew to all the intricacies and obscurities of the nar-

rative previous to Waverley's leaving Glennaquoich.

By Colonel Talbot's advice, Waverley declined detaining in his service the lad whose evidence had thrown additional light on these intrigues. He represented to him it would be doing the man an injury to engage him in a desperate undertaking, and that, whatever should happen, his evidence would go some length, at least, in explaining the circumstances under which Waverley himself had embarked in it. Waverley therefore wrote a short state of what had happened to his uncle and his father, cautioning them, however, in the present circumstances, not to attempt to answer his letter. Talbot then gave the man a letter to the commander of one of the English vessels of war cruizing in the frith, requesting him to put the bearer ashore at Berwick, with a pass to proceed to ——shire. The man was then furnished with money to make an expeditious journey, and directed to get on board the ship by means of bribing a fishing-boat, which, as they afterwards learned, he easily effected.

Tired of the attendance of Callum Beg, who, he thought, had some disposition to act

as a spy on his motions, Waverley hired as a servant a simple Endinburgh swain, who had mounted the white cockade in a fit of spleen and jealousy, because Jenny Jop had danced a whole night with Corporal Bullock of the Fusileers.

CHAPTER LII.

Intrigues of Society and Love.

COLONEL TALBOT became more kindly in his demeanour towards Waverley after the confidence he had reposed in him, and as they were necessarily much together, the character of the Colonel rose in Waverley's estimation. There seemed at first something harsh in his strong expressions of dislike and censure, although no one was in the general case more open to conviction. The habit of authority also had given his manners some peremptory hardness, notwithstanding the polish which they had received from his intimate acquaintance with the higher circles. As a specimen of the

military character, he differed from all whom Waverley had as yet seen. The soldiership of the Baron of Bradwardine was marked by pedantry; that of Major Melville by a sort of martinet attention to the minutiae and technicalities of discipline, rather suitable to one who was to manœuvre a battalion, than to him who was to command an army; the military spirit of Fergus was so much warped and blended with his plans and political views, that it was less that of a soldier than of a petty sovereign. But Colonel Talbot was in every point the English soldier. His whole soul was devoted to the service of his king and country, without feeling any pride in knowing the theory of his art with the Baron, or its practical minutiae with the Major, or in applying his science to his own particular plans of ambition, like the Chieftain of Glennaquoich. Added to this, he was a man of extended knowledge and cultivated taste, although strongly tinged, as we have already observed, with those prejudices which are peculiarly English.

The character of Colonel Talbot dawned upon Edward by degrees; for the delay of the Highlanders in the fruitless siege of Edinburgh Castle occupied several weeks, during which Waverley had little to do, excepting to seek such amusement as society afforded. He would

willingly have persuaded his new friend to become acquainted with some of his former intimates. But the Colonel, after one or two visits, shook his head, and declined farther experiment. Indeed he went farther, and characterized the Baron as the most intolerable formal pedant he had ever had the misfortune to meet with, and the Chief of Glennaquoich as a Frenchified Scotchman, possessing all the cunning and plausibility of the nation where he was educated, with the proud, vindictive, and turbulent humour of that of his birth. "If the devil," he said, "had sought out an agent expressly for the purpose of embroiling this miserable country, I do not think he could find a better than such a fellow as this, whose temper seems equally active, supple, and mischievous, and who is followed, and implicitly obeyed, by a gang of such cutthroats as those whom you are pleased to admire so much."

The ladies of the party did not escape his censure. He allowed that Flora Mac-Ivor was a fine woman, and Rose Bradwardine a pretty girl. But he alleged that the former destroyed the effect of her beauty by an affectation of the grand airs which she had probably seen practised in the mock court of St Germain. As for Rose Bradwardine, he said it was impossible for any mortal to admire such a little

uninformed thing, whose small portion of education was as ill adapted to her sex or youth, as if she had appeared with one of her father's old campaign-coats upon her person for her sole garment. Now much of this was mere spleen and prejudice in the excellent Colonel, with whom the white cockade on the breast, the white rose in the hair, and the Mac at the beginning of a name, would have made a devil out of an angel; and indeed he himself jocularly allowed, that he could not have endured Venus herself, if she had been announced in a drawing-room by the name of Miss Mac-Jupiter.

Waverley, it may easily be belived, looked upon these young ladies with very different eyes. During the period of the siege, he paid them almost daily visits, although he observed with regret that his suit made as little progress in the affections of the former, as the arms of the Chevalier in subduing the fortress. She maintained with rigour the rule she had laid down of treating him with indifference, without either affecting to avoid him, or to shun intercourse with him. Every word, every look, was strictly regulated to accord with her system, and neither the dejection of Waverley, nor the anger which Fergus scarcely suppressed, could extend Flora's attention to Edward beyond that

which the most ordinary politeness demanded. On the other hand, Rose Bradwardine gradually rose in his opinion. He had several opportunities of remarking, that as her extreme timidity wore off, her manners assumed a higher character; that the agitating circumstances of the stormy time seemed to call forth a certain dignity of feeling and expression, which he had not formerly observed; and that she omitted no opportunity within her reach to extend her knowledge and refine her taste.

Flora Mac-Ivor called Rose her pupil, and was attentive to assist her in her studies, and to fashion both her taste and understanding. It might have been remarked by a very close observer, that in the presence of Waverley she was much more desirous to exhibit her friend's excellencies than her own. But I must request of the reader to suppose, that this kind and disinterested purpose was concealed by the most cautious delicacy, studiously shunning the most distant approach to affectation. So that it was as unlike the usual exhibition of one pretty woman affecting to *proner* another, as the friendship of David and Jonathan might be to the intimacy of two Bond-street loungers. The fact is, that though the effect was felt, the cause could hardly be observed. Each of the ladies, like two excellent actresses, were

perfect in their parts, and performed them to the delight of the audience; and such being the case it was almost impossible to discover that the elder constantly ceded to her friend that which was most suitable to her talents.

But to Waverley, Rose Bradwardine possessed an attraction which few men can resist, from the marked interest which she took in every thing that affected him. She was too young and too inexperienced to estimate the full force of the constant attention which she paid to him. Her father was too abstracted in learning and military discussions to observe her partiality, and Flora Mac-Ivor did not alarm her by remonstrance, because she saw in this line of conduct the most probable chance of her securing at length a return of affection. The truth is, that in her first conversation after their meeting, Rose had discovered the state of her mind to that acute and intelligent friend, although she was not herself aware of it. From that time, Flora was not only determined upon the final rejection of Waverley's addresses, but became anxious that they should, if possible, be transferred to her friend. Nor was she less interested in this plan, though her brother had from time to time talked, as between jest and earnest, of paying his suit to Miss Bradwardine. She knew that Fergus had

the true continental latitude of opinion respecting the institution of marriage, and would not have given his hand to an angel, unless for the purpose of strengthening his alliances, and increasing his influence and wealth. The Baron's whim of transferring his estate to the distant heir male, instead of his own daughter, was therefore likely to be an insurmountable obstacle to his entertaining any serious thoughts of Rose Bradwardine. Indeed, Fergus's brain was a perpetual work-shop of scheme and intrigue, of every possible kind and description; while, like many a mechanic of more ingenuity than steadiness, he would often unexpectedly, and without any apparent motive, abandon one plan, and go earnestly to work upon another, which was either fresh from the forge of his imagination, or had at some former period been flung aside half finished. It was therefore often difficult to guess what line of conduct he might finally adopt upon any given occasion.

Although Flora was sincerely attached to her brother, whose high energies might indeed have commanded her admiration even without the ties which bound them together, she was by no means blind to his faults, which she considered as dangerous to the hopes of any woman, who should found her ideas of a happy marriage in the peaceful enjoyment of do-

mestic society, and the exchange of mutual and engrossing affection. The real disposition of Waverley, on the other hand, notwithstanding his dreams of tented fields and military honour, seemed exclusively domestic. He asked and received no share in the busy scenes which were constantly passing around him, and was rather annoyed than interested by the discussion of contending claims, rights, and interests, which often passed in his presence. All this pointed him out as the person formed to make happy a spirit like that of Rose, which corresponded with his own.

She remarked this point in Waverley's character one day while she sat with Miss Bradwardine. "His genius and elegant taste," answered Rose, "cannot be interested in such trifling discussions. What is it to him, for example, whether the Chief of the Macindalaghers, who has brought out only fifty men, should be a colonel or a captain? and how could Mr Waverley be supposed to interest himself in the violent altercation between your brother and young Corrinaschian, whether the post of honour is due to the eldest cadet of a clan or the youngest?"

"My dear Rose, if he were the hero you suppose him, he would interest himself in these matters, not indeed as important in them-

selves, but for the purpose of mediating between the ardent spirits who actually do make them the subject of discord. You saw when Corrinaschian raised his voice in great passion, and laid his hand upon his sword, Waverley lifted his head as if he had just awaked from a dream, and asked, with great composure, what the matter was."

"Well, and did not the laughter they fell into at his absence of mind serve better to break off the dispute, than any thing he could have said to them?"

"True but not quite so creditably for Waverley, as if he had brought them to their senses by force of reason,"

"Would you have him peace-maker general between all the gun-powder Highlanders in the army? I beg your pardon, Flora, your brother, you know, is out of the question; he has more sense than half of them. But can you think the fierce, hot, furious spirits, of whose brawls we see much and hear more, and who terrify me out of my life every day in the world, are at all to be compared to Waverley?"

"I do not compare him with those uneducated men, my dear Rose. I only lament, that, with his talents and genius, he does not assume that place in society for which they eminently fit him, and that he does not lend

their full impulse to the noble cause in which he has enlisted. Are there not Lochiel, and P——, and M——, and G——, all men of the highest education, as well as the first talents, — why will he not stoop like them to be alive and useful? — I often believe his zeal is frozen by that proud cold-blooded Englishman, whom he now lives with so much.”

“Colonel Talbot — he is a very disagreeable person, to be sure. He looks as if he thought no Scottish woman worth the trouble of handing her a cup of tea. But Waverley is so gentle, so well informed” —

“Yes, he can admire the moon, and quote a stanza from Tasso.”

“Besides, you know how he fought.”

“For mere fighting,” answered Flora, “I believe all men (that is, who deserve the name) are pretty much alike: there is generally more courage required to run away. They have besides, when confronted with each other, a certain instinct for strife, as we see in other male animals, such as dogs, bulls and so forth. But high and perilous enterprize is not Waverley’s forte. He would never have been his celebrated ancestor Sir Nigel, but only Sir Nigel’s eulogist and poet. I will tell you where he will be at home, my dear, and in his place, — in the quiet circle of domestic hap-

piness, lettered indolence, and elegant enjoyments of Waverley-Honour. And he will re-fit the old library in the most exquisite Gothic taste, and garnish its shelves with the rarest and most valuable volumes; — and he will draw plans and landscapes, and write verses, and rear temples, and dig grottoes; — and he will stand in a clear summer night in the colonnade before the hall, and gaze on the deer as they stray in the moonlight, or lie shadowed by the boughs of the huge old fantastic oaks; — and he will repeat verses to his beautiful wife, who shall hang upon his arm; — and he will be a happy man."

"And she will be a happy woman," thought poor Rose. But she only sighed, and dropped the conversation.

CHAPTER LIII.

Fergus, a Suitor.

WEVERLEY had, indeed, as he looked closer upon the state of the Chevalier's court, less reason to be satisfied with it. It contained, as they say an acorn includes all the ramifications of the future oak, as many seeds of *tracassarie* and intrigue as might have done honour to the court of a large empire. Every person of importance had some separate object, which he pursued with a fury that Waverley considered as altogether disproportioned to its importance. Almost all had their causes of discontent, although the most legitimate was that of the worthy old Baron, who was only distressed on account of the common cause.

“We will hardly,” said he one morning to Waverley, when they had been viewing the castle, “we will hardly gain the obsidional crown, which you wot well was made of the roots or grain which takes root within the place besieged, or it may be of the herb woodbind, *paretaria*, or pellitory, we will not, I say, gain it by this same blockade or leaguer of Edinburgh castle.” For this opinion, he gave most learned and satisfactory reasons, that the reader may not care to hear repeated.

Having escaped from the old gentleman, Waverley went to Fergus’s lodgings by appointment, to await his return from Holyrood House. “I am to have a particular audience to-morrow,” said Fergus to Waverley overnight, “and you must meet me to wish me joy of the success which I securely anticipate.”

The morrow came, and in the Chief’s apartment he found Ensign Maccombich waiting to make report of his turn of duty in a sort of ditch which they had dug across the Castle-hill, and called a trench. In a short time the Chief’s voice was heard on the stair in a tone of impatient fury: — „Callum, — why, Callum Beg, — Diaoul!” He entered the room with all the marks of a man agitated by a towering passion; and there were few upon whose features rage produced a more violent effect. The

veins of his forehead swelled when he was in such agitation; his nostril became dilated; his cheek and eye inflamed; and his look that of a demoniac. These appearances of half-suppressed rage were the more frightful, because they were obviously caused by a strong effort to temper with discretion an almost ungovernable paroxysm of passion, and resulted from an internal conflict of the most dreadful kind, which agitated his whole frame of mortality.

As he entered the apartment, he unbuckled his broad-sword, and throwing it down with such violence that the weapon rolled to the other end of the room, "I know not what," he exclaimed, "withholds me from taking a solemn oath that I will never more draw it in his cause; — Load my pistols, Callum, and bring them hither instantly; — instantly!" Callum, whom nothing ever startled, dismayed, or disconcerted, obeyed very coolly. Evan Dhu, upon whose brow the suspicion that his Chief had been insulted, called up a corresponding storm, swelled in sullen silence, awaiting to learn where or upon whom vengeance was to descend.

"So, Waverley, you are there," said the Chief, after a moment's recollection; "Yes, I remember I asked you to share my triumph, and you have come to witness my — disap-

pointment we shall call it." Evan now presented the written report he had in his hand, which Fergus threw from him with great passion. "I wish to God," he said, "the old den would tumble down upon the heads of the fools who attack, and the knaves who defend it. I see, Waverley, you think I am mad — leave us, Evan, but be within call."

"The Colonel's in an unco kippage," said Mrs Flockhart to Evan as he descended; "I wish he may be weel, — the very veins on his brent brow are swelled like whip-cord; wad he no tak something?"

"He usually lets blood for these fits," answered the Highland Ancient with great composure.

When this officer left the room, the Chieftain gradually reassumed some degree of composure. "I know, Waverley," he said, "that Colonel Talbot has persuaded yon to curse ten times a-day your engagement with us; — nay, never deny it, for I am at this moment tempted to curse my own. Would you believe it, I made this very morning two suits to the Prince, and he has rejected them both; what do you think of it?"

"What can I think, till I know what your requests were?"

„Why, what signifies what they were, man? I tell you it was I that made them; I, to whom he owes more than to any three that have joined the standard; for I negotiated the whole business, and brought in all the Perthshire men when not one would have stirred. I am not likely, I think, to ask anything very unreasonable, and if I did, they might have stretched a point. — Well, but you shall know all, now that I can draw my breath again with some freedom. — You remember my earl's patent; it is dated some years back, for services then rendered, and certainly my merit has not been diminished, to say the least, by my subsequent behaviour. Now, sir, I value this bauble of a coronet as little as you, or any philosopher on earth; for I hold that the chief of such a clan as the Sliochd nan Ivor is superior in rank to any earl in Scotland. But I had a particular reason for assuming this cursed title at this time. You must know I learned accidentally that the Prince has been pressing that old foolish Baron of Bradwardine to disinherit his male heir, or nineteenth or twentieth cousin, who has taken a command in the Elector of Hanover's militia, and to settle his estate upon your pretty little friend, Rose; and this, as being the command of his king and overlord, who may alter the destina-

tion of a fief at pleasure, the old gentleman seems well reconciled to."

"And what becomes of the homage?"

"Curse the homage! — I believe Rose is to pull off the queen's slipper on her coronation day, or some such trash. Well, sir, as Rose Bradwardine would always have made a suitable match for me, but for this idiotical predilection of her father for the heir-male, it occurred to me there now remained no obstacle, unless that the Baron might expect his daughter's husband to take the name of Bradwardine,) which you know would be impossible in my case) and that this might be evaded by my assuming the title to which I had so good a right, and which, of course, would supersede that difficulty. If she was to be also Viscountess Bradwardine, in her own right, after her father's demise, so much the better; I could have no objection."

"But, Fergus," said Waverley, "I had no idea that you had any affection for Miss Bradwardine, and you are always sneering at her father."

"I have as much affection for Miss Bradwardine, my good friend, as I think it necessary to have for the future mistress of my family, and the mother of my children. She is a very pretty intelligent girl, and is certainly

of one of the very first Lowland families; and, with a little of Flora's instructions and forming, will make a very good figure. As to her father, he is an original, it is true, and an absurd one enough; but he has given such severe lessons to Sir Hew Halbert, that dear defunct the Laird of Balmawhapple, and others, that nobody dare laugh at him, so his absurdity goes for nothing. I tell you there could have been no earthly objection — none. I had settled the thing entirely in my own mind."

"But had you asked the Baron's consent, or Rose's?"

"To what purpose? To have spoke to the Baron before I had assumed my title, would have only provoked a premature and irritating discussion on the subject of the change of name, when, as Earl of Glennaquoich, I had only to propose to him to carry his d—d bear and boot-jack *party per pale*, or in a scutcheon of pretence, or in a separate shield perhaps — any way that would not blemish my own coat-of-arms. And as to Rose, I don't see what objection she could have made, if her father was satisfied."

"Perhaps the same that your sister makes to me, you being satisfied."

Fergus gave a broad stare at the comparison which this supposition implied, but cautiously

suppressed the answer which rose to his tongue. « O, we should easily have arranged all that — So, sir, I craved a private interview, and this morning was assigned, and I asked you to meet me here, thinking, like a fool, that I should want your countenance as bride's-man. Well — I state my pretensions — they are not denied — the promises so repeatedly made, and the patent granted — they are acknowledged. But I propose, as a natural consequence, to assume the rank which the patent bestowed — I have the old story of the jealousy of C — — and M — — trumped up against me — I resist this pretext, and offer to procure their written acquiescence, in virtue of the date of my patent as prior to their silly claims — I assure you I would have had such a consent from them, if it had been at point of the sword — And then out comes the real truth; and he dares to tell me, to my face, that my patent must be suppressed for the present, for fear of disgusting that rascally coward and *faineant* — (naming the rival chief of his own clan) who has no better title to be a chieftain than I to be Emperor of China; and who is pleased to shelter his dastardly reluctance to come out agreeable to his promise twenty times pledged, under a pretended jealousy of the Prince's partiality to me. And, to leave this miserable

driveller without a pretence for his cowardice, the Prince asks it as a personal favour of me, forsooth, not to press my just and reasonable request at this moment. After this put your faith in princes! ”

“And did your audience end here?”

“End? O no: I was determined to leave him no pretence for his ingratitude, and I therefore stated, with all the composure I could muster, — for I promise you I trembled with passion, — the particular reasons I had for wishing that his Royal Highness would impose upon me any other mode of exhibiting my duty and devotion, as my views in life made, what would at any other time have been a mere trifle, at this crisis a severe sacrifice; and then I explained to him my full plan.”

“And what did the Prince answer?”

“Answer? why — it is well it is written, curse not the king, no, not in thy thought! — why, he answered, that truly he was glad I had made him my confidant, to prevent more grievous disappointment, for he could assure me, upon the word of a prince, that Miss Bradwardine’s affections were engaged, and he was under a particular promise to favour them. ‘So, my dear Fergus,’ said he, with his most gracious cast of smile, ‘as the marriage is utterly out of question, there need be no hurry,

you know, about the earldom.' And so he glided off, and left me *planté là*."

"And what did you do?"

"I'll tell you what I *could* have done at that moment — sold myself to the devil or the Elector, whichever offered the dearest revenge. However I am now cool. I know he intends to marry her to some of his rascally Frenchmen, or his Irish officers, but I will watch them close; and let the man that would supplant me look well to himself. — *Bisogna coprirsi, Signor.*"

After some further conversation, unnecessary to be detailed, Waverley took leave of the Chieftain, whose fury had now subsided into a deep and strong desire of vengeance, and returned home, scarce able to analyze the mixture of feelings which the narrative had awakened in his own bosom.

Scott, Walter,

Waverley or 'tis sixty years since in four volumes

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